

BABY DAYS



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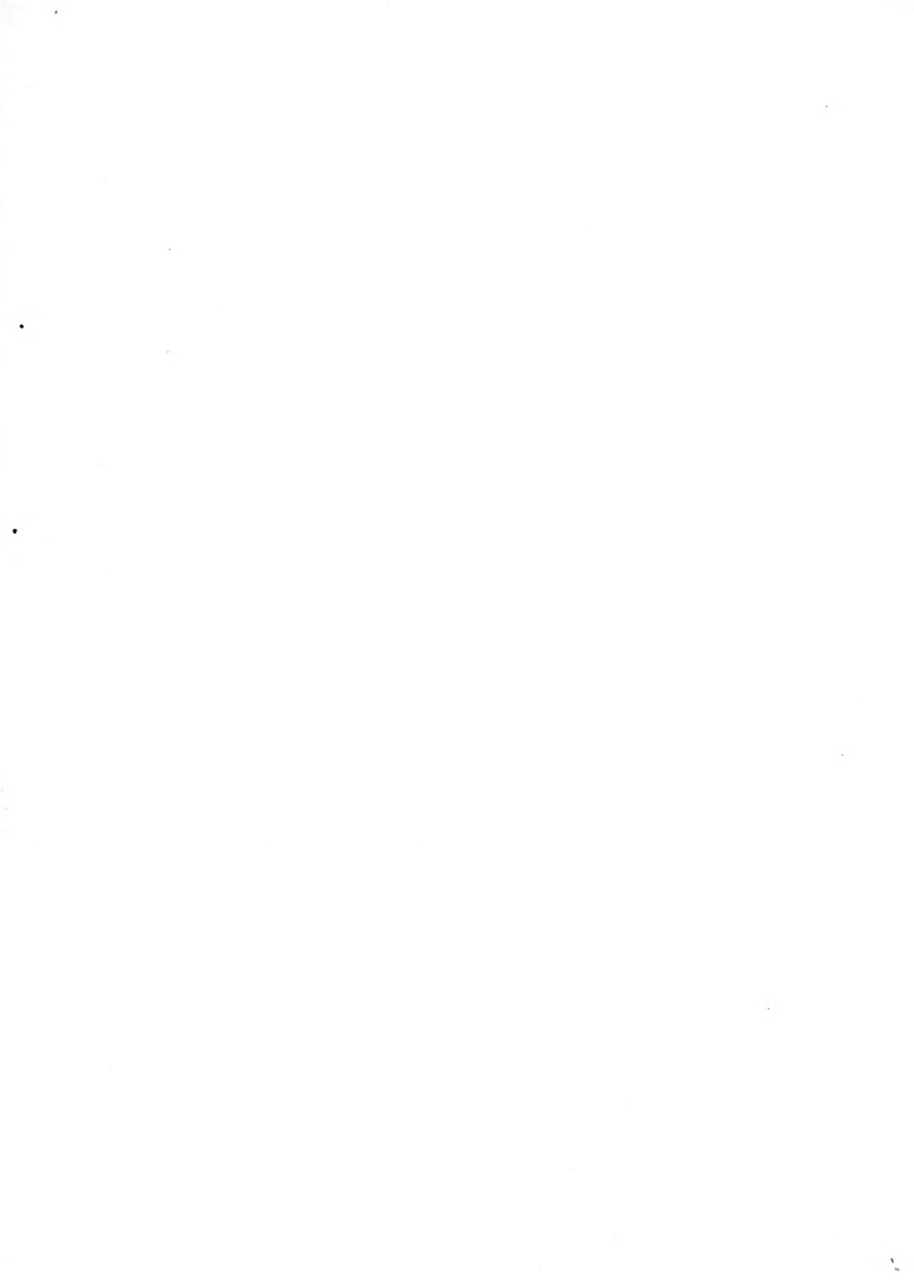
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BABY DAYS





"I'VE BEEN ALIVE HUNDREDS AND HUNDREDS OF DAYS"

BABY DAYS

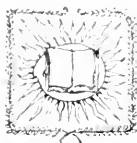
A NEW SELECTION OF SONGS,
STORIES, AND PICTURES

FOR

VERY LITTLE FOLKS

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
THE EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS

•
300 ILLUSTRATIONS



ALL A-BOARD
PUBLIC
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THE CENTURY CO.

1903

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INTRODUCTION

BY THE EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS

TO THE BABIES

NOT little bits of babies. Oh,
 Not little, little ones—oh, no!
 But babies just about your size:
 Real girls and boys with opened eyes;
 Girls who have babies of their own—
 Dollies the sweetest ever known!
 And boys in trousers or in frocks
 Who don't mind falls and bumps and knocks;
 Yes, boys and girls who 've looked about,
 Who like to laugh, and dare to shout,
 Who know a horsy from a cat
 (You do? Oh, yes; I'm sure of that!)—
 Well, just such little ones as you
 Will like this book and read it through.

If you *can't* read, then there 's mama,
 Or Jack or Kate, or dear papa;
 While you the pretty pictures seek,
 They 'll make the printed pages speak,
 And tell you all you wish to know—
 Why this and that are so and so.
 You 'll hear the doggies bark — *bow-wow!*
 The donkeys bray, the kitties *me-oww*;

Horses will leap, and children run,
And everything be full of fun —
For all the world with gladness plays
When we are in our baby days.

We great big folks, who love you so,
Were little once ourselves, you know;
And you and we, by blessed right,
Are children in our Father's sight.
The world is God's own picture-book;
He turns the pages while we look.
We read the stories, sing the songs,
And take what most to us belongs,
And spend our life-time just to know
Why this and that are so and so.

God bless us all, through all our ways,
And guide us in our baby days!

How will
our
years



SANTA CLAUS CAUGHT AT LAST'



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HENRY ILLFELD.
77

SNOW DAYS.

"CLEAR THE TRACK FOR THE DOUBLE-RUNNER!"

BABY DAYS

A QUEER LITTLE BABY.

(A True Story.)

IF I gave you ten guesses you would use them all, and still not be able to tell me what a queer little baby I saw the other day. Do you give it up? Well, it was a tiny baby bear. A hunter had caught him in the woods and brought him to town in his arms. As soon as I heard of him, I invited the baby to spend part of a day with me, and we had great fun playing together.

Long ago I used to have a picture of Santa Claus, a fat little man all dressed up in a fur suit, and when I saw the baby bear I could almost believe that my picture had come alive. He had the same short woolly legs and fat roly-poly body. He came right into the house, as if he had known me all the three weeks of his life, and walked about under the chairs and tables, for he was no bigger than a big cat. His little pointed black nose went sniffing into everything that he saw. Once he climbed right up to the tiptop of a great arm-chair. There he rested a little while. Then he rolled off upon the floor with such a thump that I thought he must have hurt himself. But no, for he ran across the floor to stand up on his hind

feet in front of my bookcase. He reached out one of his soft paws and patted the backs of the books as if to say: "I like you very much, but I have not time to read you just now."



When his dinner-time came I gave him his milk in a bottle with a rubber top. When he saw it he reached out and whimpered for it just as a hungry baby does. He stood up and took the bottle between his front paws, and tipping it up, sipped away so fast that soon there was not a drop of

milk left. Then, when he saw that it was all gone, he lifted up his little black furry sleeve and wiped off his milky mouth.

On his way back to his home the children got about him on the street and jumped around him, clapping their hands; but he seemed to like the fun and made them laugh louder by standing up on his hind legs and walking like a cunning little man. He wanted to stay out in the street to play some more when he got home, but, you see, it was past bear bedtime, and he had to be taken in. I am glad to tell you that he did not cry at all as he trotted in and found his own little bed all ready for him in the corner.





THE CONCERT.

With hat and muff and parasol
We sally to the concert-hall,
To hear the great musician
play

(Named Signor Tommy Folderay!)
On tissue-paper and a comb—
You ought to hear his "Home, Sweet
Home!"

AN INTRODUCTION



LITTLE Joe Clacket, he made such a racket
While shelling some corn at the barn,
The Hebiddy crew, the chickens they flew,
All coming to eat up Joe's corn.

While Joe was shelling his corn in the barn,
His mother was spinning some double-twist yarn.
She made such a buzzing and whizzety-whuzzing,
She could not hear Joe at his corn in the barn;
He made such a racket and clickety-clacket,
He did not hear her at her double-twist yarn.

BLOWING BUBBLES.

Bobby Boy is blowing bubbles,
Blowing big, bright, bouncing bubbles,
Bobby Boy had many troubles;
Mama said, "Come, let's blow bubbles;
Blow your troubles in the bubbles.
Troubles go as bubbles do:
Bubbles vanish — troubles too."

So Bobby Boy is blowing bubbles,
Blowing big, bright, bouncing bubbles



THE LITTLE

ROUND PLATE.

By MARY L. B. BRANCH.



It was made of tin, and it had the alphabet around its edge, from A to Z, with

&c. at the end.

It was well that it *was* made of tin, for Tommy thumped it with his spoon and dented it with his knife and fork, and dropped it on the floor.

"Oh, be careful of your pretty plate, Tommy!" grandma used to say. She liked to see children careful.

"I want a plate like sister's," Tommy would reply.

Now sister Libbie was eight years old. *She* was careful of plates, and she had a blue-and-white one with a picture in the middle.

"When you can treat a plate as well as Libbie does, you may have a china one, too," said mama.

But Tommy could n't, and the tin plate had to put up with a great deal. Perhaps it liked lively times.

Once Libbie had a party, and the party wanted to play "Twirl the Platter."

"Please go and get a plate, Libbie," said Rose Dean.

"Will it break it?" asked Libbie.

"We broke four at *our* party!" said Will Dean.

"Take mine!—mine won't break!" shouted Tommy.

So the tin plate was brought, and it twirled beautifully. Tommy grew proud of it as it whirled about like a big bright top. It went so fast that you could not see the A B C on it.

"That's *my* plate!" Tommy said when it spun an unusually long time. When the children turned to other games, he picked up his plate and put it where it would not be stepped upon.

But next day, when there was no party, Tommy grew tired of his plate again. He could not spin it so well as the older children did, and when he

tried it on the steps it rolled out on the sidewalk. So he tried it on the sidewalk just as Rose Dean was coming along on her way from school. He wanted it to spin well, but instead of that it started downhill and rolled and rolled like a wheel, going faster and faster till it was a wonder it did not fall flat on its face.

"It's running away!" cried Rose, clapping her hands.

"I don't care!" said Tommy; and they watched the plate going over and over till it rolled quite out of sight where the hill dipped down in the hollow.

That night Tommy ate from a white earthen plate, and he was very careful of it. So he was the next day, very careful indeed, and his mother said: "I do believe Tommy can be trusted with a china plate."

So she bought him a pink-and-white china plate, as pretty as Libbie's.

Tommy was well satisfied now; somehow he felt older with a china plate, and behaved better at the table.

"Nothing like a sense of responsibility," said papa, wisely.

That same day, as Tommy sat out on the front steps toward evening, a little boy in a kilt dress came toiling up the hill with something shiny in his hands. He was almost out of breath when he reached Tommy, but he managed to say:

"Here 's your *beautiful* little round plate that says A B C. It rolled into my yard, and I picked it up and brought it in; but mama said I must give it back because you would hate to lose it."

"Oh, never mind, little boy!" said Tommy, kindly. "Keep it if you like it. I have a china plate now."

"Oh-h!" said the little boy, "I think it is *beautiful*!"

He held it fast and started downhill, but was stopped by Tommy's voice.

"Little boy, what do you say?"

The little boy turned about at once, and, bobbing his head, said:

"Thank you!"

Then, as that was perfectly satisfactory, he took his course downhill again, clasping tightly the little round tin plate.



"I MET A LITTLE PUSSY-CAT."



I met a little pussy-cat, and I said: "How-do-do?"
And all the pussy-cat would say was: "Me-ow, me-ow, me-ow!"
"All right," says I to pussy-cat: "I'll say good-day to you."
But pussy only answered: "Me-ow, me-ow, me-ow!"



"THIS IS A PICTURE OF
LITTLE JEANNETTE."

This is a picture of little Jean-
nette,

Her dear little puppy and tame
paraguet.

The paraguet whistles — do
you know how?

The puppy lies up and is say-
ing: "Low-wow!"

And little Jeannette, she makes
a low.

Little Jeannette, the tame par-
quet.

And the dear little puppy, you
mustn't forget.



THREE LITTLE RULES.

BY STELLA GEORGE STERN.

THREE little rules we all should keep
To make life happy and bright —
Smile in the morning; smile at noon;
And keep on smiling at night!



OUR BEST THREE RIDERS.



"I CAN NEVER TELL NOAH FROM JAPHET—I CAN NEVER TELL HAM FROM SHEM."



I CAN never tell Noah from Japhet—

I can never tell Ham from Shem;

I can't even choose whose wife is whose,
 Though I'm intimate friends with them;

For they dress, both the men and the women,
 in ulsters down to the floor,

And Japhet's hat is the same kind that
 Is worn by the wife of Noah!

Their arms are as flat as flat can be,
 and glued down tight at the side;

And, all the while, all eight of them smile!

I never saw one that cried.

I have often and often watched them;

I have taken the trouble to hark;

But I never have heard one quarrelsome word
 Since Santa Claus brought the ark!

Their faces are far from handsome,
 and they have n't an atom of hair,

But with kindest features they smile at the creatures
 That Santa Claus put in their care.

The one with the cream-colored ulster
 (I think that perhaps it's Ham)

Takes care of the leopard as well as a shepherd
 Takes care of his favorite lamb.

(It really *must* be a leopard;

I am almost certain of that;

For it's covered with lots of deep-brown spots—

And it's much too big for a cat!)



"IT REALLY *MUST* BE A LEOPARD."



"I KNOW THE ELEPHANT
BY HIS TRUNK."

And the wife I take for Shem's is fond
of that long-tailed beast of blue;
It might be a rat if it was n't
so fat,
So we'll call it a kangaroo.



"SO WE'LL CALL IT A
KANGAROO."

I know the elephant by his trunk,
and the camel has humps, of course;

But the one like a pig is twice as big
As the one that looks like a horse!
And there's one I think is a rabbit
because of his long pink ears;



"THE CAMEL HAS HUMPS,
OF COURSE."

But if he is not, and it's horns he's got,
Why, then he is one of the deers.

I thought the sheep was a frog at first,
although he is painted brown,

But never a bit! His legs are split —
That's why he is sitting down!

And the striped one must be a tiger,
but his tail is as short as a bear's;
And there's only one bird, and that's
absurd,



"THE ONE THAT LOOKS
LIKE A HORSE."

For they ought to be all in pairs!

But Jack loves all of the family,
and all of the animals, too;

He can watch them alone, for they're
all his own,

And that's not so at the Zoo.

And yet, when the Sandman's coming,
and the supper-table is set,

He'll leave them around upon the ground,
And go away and forget!

And the queerest part of it all is
that, while he's asleep at
night,



"THAT'S WHY HE'S
SITTING DOWN."



"... THE STRIPED ONE MUST
BE A TIGER."

Back into the ark they creep
in the dark,
And shut up the windows tight!



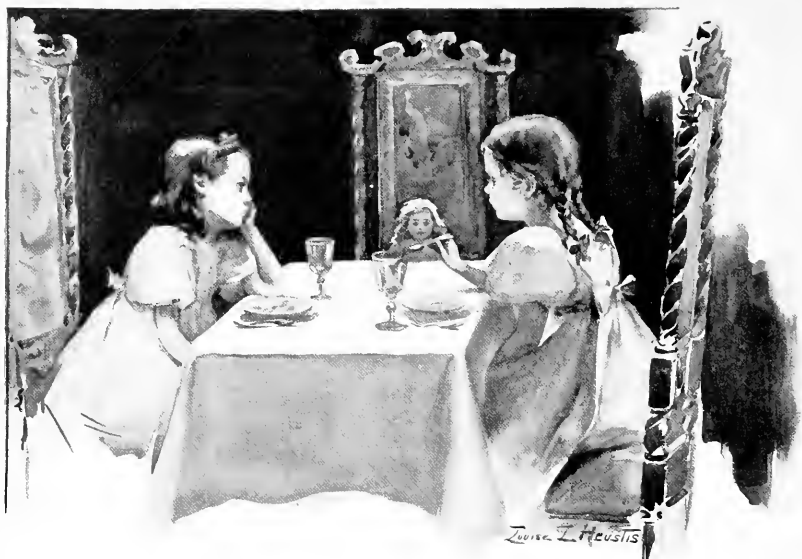
"THERE'S ONLY ONE BIRD."

I could n't think how they do it,
till I happened to ask of Jack.
What *do* you suppose? He *really* knows
How the animals all get back!

It appears that just at midnight,
when toys are alive, you know,
And Japhet and Shem and the rest of them
Walk merrily to and fro,
And Noah, in the play-room corner,
calls all of the beasts by name,
And feeds them and pets them, and never forgets them,
Though all of them look the same —
The one little bird that has no mate
from the ark flies out and away,
A leaf to seek, but with empty beak
Comes back at the break of day.
So they know that the flood 's not over,
and go in again, two by two,
And at broad daylight they are tucked in tight!
Now *I* did n't know that — *did you?*



"NOW I DID N'T KNOW THAT — DID YOU?"



DOLLY TAKES TEA.

WHEN dolly sits down to the table,
And ev'rything 's ready, you see,—
With cookies and water for Mabel,
And water and cookies for me,—
We nibble and chatter with dolly,
And offer her "tea" from a spoon,
And often our meal is so jolly
It lasts through the whole afternoon.

Till Mabel jumps up in a hurry
And says that she really must go;
And I say, "Oh, truly, I'm sorry,
And dolly 's enjoyed it, I know."
Then gaily we clear off the table
When dolly has finished her tea,
With cookies and water for Mabel,
And water and cookies for me.

SOW, SEW, AND SO.

Sow, sow, sow,
So the farmers sow!
Busy, busy, all the day,
While the children are at play,
Stowing, stowing close away
Baby wheat and rye in bed,
So the children may be fed,
So, so, so.

Sew, sew, sew,
So the mothers sew!
Busy, busy all the day,
While the children are at play,
Sewing, sewing fast away.

So the children may have frocks,
Trousers, coats, and pretty socks,
So, so, so.

Sow, sew, so,
So they sow and sew;
S, and O, and W,
This is what the farmers do;
Put an E in place of O,
This is how the mothers sew.
So they sow and sew for you,
So without the W,
So, so, so.



THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS

THE LION.

If any of you ever saw a lion I am quite sure that he was in a cage. Now a lion in a cage is a noble-looking beast, but he never seems so grand and king-like—you know some people call the lion the King of Beasts—as he does when he is free. Of course almost any living creature will look happier and better when it is free than when it is shut up; but there is another reason why the lions we see in cages do not seem so grand as those which are free.

We almost always go to see wild animals in the daytime, and animals of the cat kind, of which the lion is one, like to take the day for their sleeping-time. So, when we see them, they are drowsy and lazy, and would much rather take a good nap than be bothered with visitors. If we could go and look at them at night, it is likely we should find them much more lively.

Lions are natives of Africa and Asia, and there they roam around at night and are not afraid of any living creature.

When a lion is hungry, he kills a deer or an antelope, or some such animal, and eats it. But sometimes he comes near men's houses and fields, and kills an ox or a cow, and carries it away.

The male lion is much handsomer and finer-looking than the female, or lioness. He has a large head, with a great mane of hair hanging down all around his head and over his shoulders. This gives him a very noble look. The lioness has no mane at all.

Baby lions are funny fellows. They look something like clumsy dogs, and are quite playful. But long before they are full-grown they begin to look grave and sober, as if they knew that it was a very grand thing to be a lion.

Some lions are quite easily tamed, and often learn to like their keepers. I suppose you have seen performing lions in cages. The keeper goes into the cage and makes the lions, and sometimes leopards and other animals, jump about and do just as he tells them.

But he is really a wild beast at heart, and it would never do to let the very tamest lion think that he could go where he pleased, and choose his dinner for himself. It would not be long before he would be seen springing upon a cow or a horse—if he did not fancy some little boy or girl.

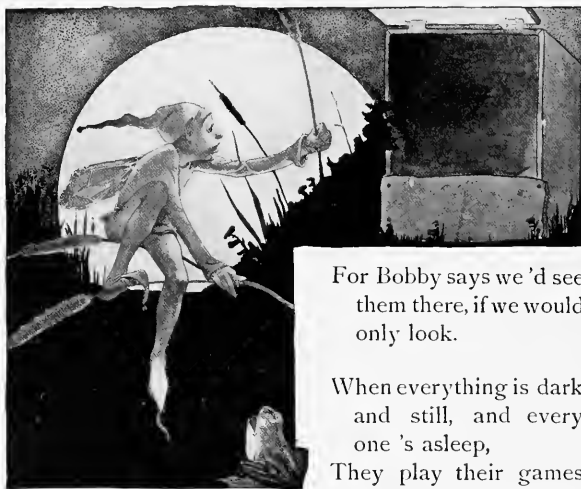
So, after all, there are animals which have much nobler dispositions than the lion, and among these are elephants and dogs—who not only are often trusted servants of man, but are known to do actions that are really good and kind.



CATCHING A BROWNIE.

BY HELEN M. CHASE.

I 'LL tell you what I 'm going to do as soon as ever I can;
You 'll be surprised, Aunt Sarah, when you see my brownie man !
I 'm going to set a trap for one in the meadow near the brook ;



"I 'M GOING TO SET A TRAP FOR ONE."

For Bobby says we 'd see
them there, if we would
only look.

When everything is dark
and still, and every
one 's asleep,
They play their games
and do their work —
oh, *would n't* I like to peep !

And if I only catch one, I 'll play with him all day,
And put him in a bird-cage, nights, so he won't run away.
I hope the trap won't really hurt, to make him sore or lame,
But if it pinched him just a mite, perhaps he 'd grow quite tame

While he was getting better. He might have my dolly's bed;
I 'd 'tend that she was traveling and play with him instead.

I'd give him all my candy, and the frosting on my cake,
And sometimes, on a pleasant day, a little walk we'd take
Together up to your house. Oh,
would n't you like to see
A real live brownie, who could run
and play like me?

And do you s'pose the teacher'd let
me bring him into school?
I'd tell him not to talk, you know, for
that's against the rule;
But would n't the scholars stare and
laugh and turn around to see
A really *truly* brownie sitting there
upon my knee!
I'd get a tiny little slate, and a pencil
just *so* long,
And he might do his 'rithmetic; but of
course he'd do it wrong—
For brownies that live in brownie-land
don't have any lessons to do;
Sometimes in school, Aunt Sarah, I
wish I was a brownie too!

And at recess the boys and girls
would crowd around my seat.
"Oh, *where* 'd you get him?" the
boys would say; the girls, "Oh,
is n't he sweet?"
And then they would begin to tease:
"You may have these peppermint
drops,

If you'll let me hold him a little while"; or, "You may have one of my tops
To *keep*, if you'll let me take him home a minute, to show the folks."
I would n't really let 'em, but I know how they would coax!—
Only Myrtle, 'cause she's my cousin, and Hattie, and maybe Roy,
If he would be *very* careful—though I'm 'fraid to trust a boy.

My brownie may eat his supper off my dolly's china plate;



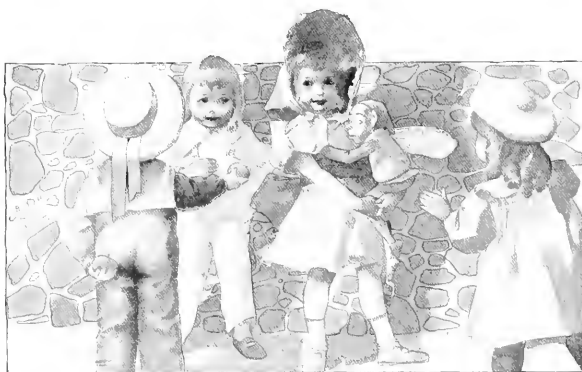
"AND PUT HIM IN A BIRD-CAGE, NIGHTS, SO HE WON'T
RUN AWAY."

But he could n't wear her dresses, for she is slim and straight,
 While he 'll be plump, like Santa Claus; but her carriage he might use.
 How cute he 'll be, Aunt Sarah, with his cap and pointed shoes!
 And when I wheel him down the street, they 'll all come out to see.



"HE MIGHT HAVE MY DOLLY'S BED"

Good-by, Aunt Sarah; where 's my hat? No, I can't stay to tea;
 For I must hurry 'cross lots, through the meadow path, and look
 For some of the brownies' footprints in the sand down by the brook.



"I KNOW HOW THEY WOULD COAX!"



THE FRIGHTENED BROWNIE.

A BROWNIE met two rabbits in
 A very lonely spot;
 They raised their ears and looked
 at him.
 My! what a fright he got!

"Oh, run away!" he trembling cried.
 "Please don't make any fuss."
 Said they, "Why, what a silly
 goose,
 To be afraid of us!"





"DON'T MOVE!"

HEART-TO-HEART LETTERS.

My dearest, sweetest Mary Lou :
I 'm coming over to play with you ;
I 'll bring my doll that 's dressed in blue,
And then I 'll tell you what we 'll do,
When I come over to play with you.

I am, your little playmate,

SUE.

Dear Hugh :

I 'm coming over to play with you ;
All the fellows are coming, too.

In haste,

"YOU KNOW WHO."

My darling, dearest, sweetest Sue :
Be sure to bring your boy-doll too.
Come over in a hurry—do !

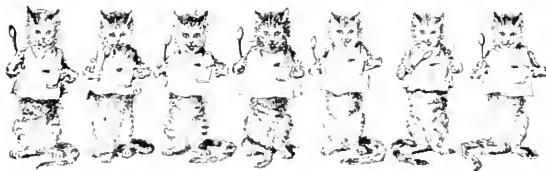
Affectionately,

MARY LOU.

Dear Bobs :

Bring your bat and ball, and racket, too.
And whistle, so I 'll know it 's you.

HUGH.



SEVEN LITTLE PUSSY-CATS.

SEVEN little pussy-cats, invied out to tea,

Cried: "Mother, let us go. Oh, do! for good we'll surely be.

We'll wear our bibs and hold our things as you have shown us how—

Spoons in right paws, cups in left—and I make a pretty how:

We'll always say 'Yes, if you please,' and 'Only half of that.'"

"Then go, my darling children," said the happy mother cat.

The seven little pussy-cats went out that night to tea;

Their heads were smooth and glossy, their tails were swinging free:

They held their things as they had learned, and tried to be polite:—

With snowy bibs beneath their chins they were a pretty sight.

But, alas for manners beautiful, and coats as soft as silk!

The moment that the little kits were asked to take some milk,

They dropped their spoons, forgot to bow, and—oh, what do you think!

They put their noses in the cups and all began to drink!

Yes, every naughty little kit set up a "me-ouw!" for more,

Then knocked the tea-cup over, and scampered through the door.



THE BIG BOOBOO AND THE LITTLE BOOBOO.

BY GERTRUDE SMITH.

AND one day the wind was blowing — the wind was blowing a perfect gale, and the little Booboo went out in the garden to ride.

He rode on the big Booboo's shoulder,



and held very tight to his ear, for he was afraid the wind would blow him away; and it did blow his hat away — up — up, and away and away. It was a nice little

white little new hat, too, but he never saw it again!

And the big silver poplar tree that grew by the garden gate shook in the wind, and bent in the wind, and quivered its shining leaves.

And the two little cherry-trees that grew by the side of the lake shook in the wind, and bent in the wind, and quivered their shining leaves.

And all of the roses on all of the bushes nodded and bowed in the wind.

Everything that grew in the garden was moving and twisting and dancing and turning about in the wind. It was very exciting to Robbie.

"I'll catch the wind and hold it!" he cried. "The roses do not like to shake. The trees will be tired, papa!" And he threw out his little arms and tried to catch the wind.

His father laughed.

"The wind says: 'Woo! woo! I'll catch you, little Booboo, and toss you about like a leaf. But there's not a boy or a man or a giant can get his arms around me!'"

And Robbie rode on his father's shoulder out through the gate, and down the lane, and into the apple orchard. And all the apples that grew on the trees shook in the wind, and bobbed in the wind, and fell with a bounce to the ground. The ground was covered with apples; all over the ground the apples lay.

And the little Booboo ran about under the trees, and picked up apples and put

them in a basket; and the big Booboo ran about under the trees, and picked up apples and put them in a basket.



And a big apple fell with a bounce on the big Booboo's head, and a big apple fell with a bounce on the little Booboo's head.

And the big Booboo said: "I wonder who will cry for a big, big bump on his head?"

And the little Booboo said, "I'll not cry for a big, big bump on my head."

He looked up and smiled, but the tears rolled down his cheeks!

And mama came out with a basket and picked up apples too. And she said:

"Who ever, ever knew the wind to blow like this?"

And all at once Robbie's father looked around and said:

"Where is our little boy?"

And all at once Robbie's mother looked around and said:

"Where is our little boy?"

Robbie was nowhere in sight!

And his father said:

"I'm afraid he has blown away!"

And his mother said:

"I'm sure he has blown away!"

And they looked and they looked and they looked and they looked, but nowhere could they find him!

All of the time Robbie was hid in one of the largest baskets — deep down in one of the baskets! He hid there just for fun.

And oh, how frightened his father was, and oh, how frightened his mother was, when he popped up his head and cried:

"Boo! boo! I see you looking for me. I did n't blow away!"





TWO SCARES.

SHALL I tell you what happened
At Doll-Baby House?
The dear things were scared
At a chocolate mouse!

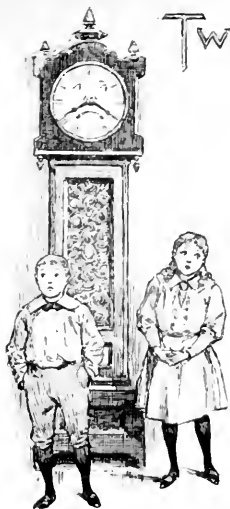
And the mouse in the cupboard —
A live one, at that —
Ran away for his life
From a Pincushion Cat!



THE DINING-ROOM HOOK AND LADDER COMPANY — GETTING THERE IN A HURRY

TWO KINDS OF CLOCKS

BY TUDOR JENKS.



"You 're never right," growled
the grandfather clock,
To the clock from over the
sea ;
"When not too fast, you 're very
slow.
Why don't you go by me?"

"You *do* keep time," said the little
clock,
"For that all look to you.
It 's enough for me that the
children love
To hear my soft, 'cuckoo!'"



Petit Paul Pierrot.

BY ANNIE E. TYNAN.

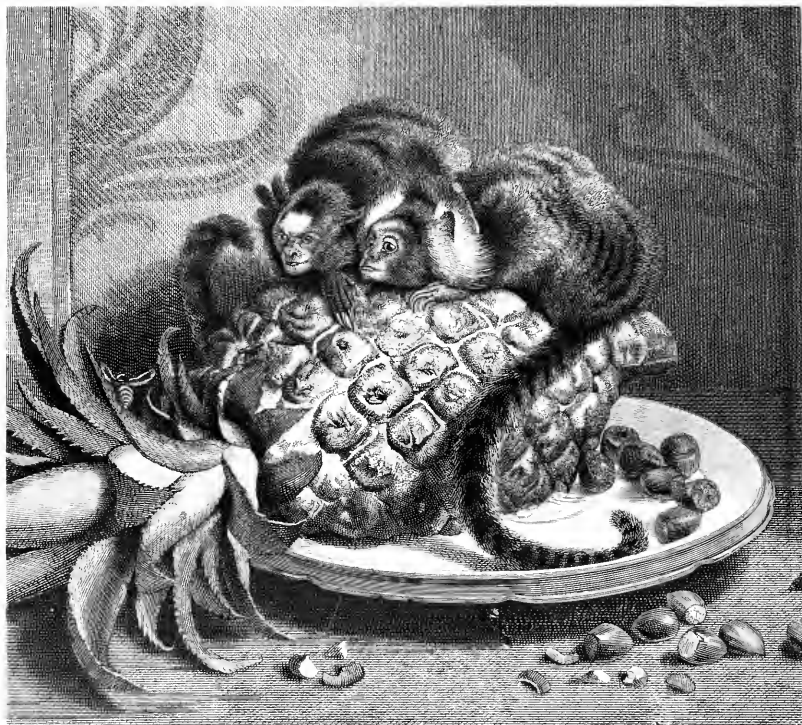
PAUL PIERROT is a man
Très petit — that 's very small.
He will not be eight years old
Till *l'automne* — that means
the fall ;
But he knows well how
to do

Gentle acts — *les actes gracieux*,
When he says, "*Bonjour, monsieur !*"

Just the way he speaks
Brings a sunny happy smile
To Grandpa's wrinkled checks,
When he brings his mama's chair —
Which he loves to do —
Mama says, "*Merci, mon cher.*"

Ça comprenez-vous ?





MARMOSETS.

MARMOSETS are cunning little monkeys from South America, and are often very tame and gentle. These little creatures are of about the size of squirrels, but they have very old and wise faces. The two in our picture, which is copied from a beautiful painting by Sir Edward Landseer, do not seem to know what sort of an insect it is that has alighted on the leaves of the pineapple. So they have jumped up to examine it. If they come too close, and get their noses pricked, they may find out more than they want to know.



FOUR LITTLE BIRDS.

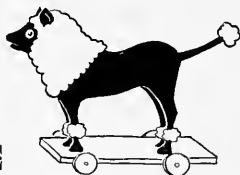
FOUR little birds all flew from their nest —
 Flew north, flew south, to the east and the west;
 They could think of nothing so good to do,
 So they spread their wings and away they flew,
 And I don't know whither they went. Do you?



JOHNNY FROM THE STONE

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES

of the HOBBY-HORSE and the WOOLLY DOG.



*Listen all and straight I'll tell
Of strange adventures that once befell.*



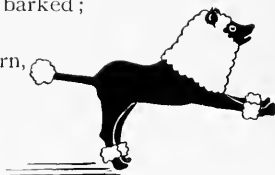
ONE night when the house was dark and still,
These adventures did begin,
Of the hobby-horse and the woolly dog,
And the trumpeter made of tin:
What time they went a-hunting,
For to see what they could win.

Slyly through the door went they,
Slyly through the house,
Hoping they might find a deer;
But found, instead, a mouse.

"Now let us hunt!" the dog he barked;
The hobby-horse ran fast;
The trumpeter raised up his horn,
And blew a merry blast.

The dog he barked; the horse
he ran;

The trumpeter blew his horn;
And over the house they hunted the mouse
From midnight until morn.



Through kitchen and through dining-room,—
 For woods they had the chairs,—
 Through parlor and through hall they chased,
 And down the cellar stairs.

The hobby-horse knocked down
 a chair;
 The dog fell in a pail;
 The trumpeter reached for the
 mouse,
 But only touched its tail!



They hunted the mouse all over the house,
 Until they nearly dropped:
 They thought at last they had it fast,
 When in a hole it popped!

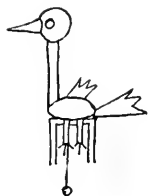


Then back to the nursery they crept,
 As the day was coming in—
 The hobby-horse and the woolly dog
 And the trumpeter made of tin.

*This is the tale I heard them tell
 Of a strange adventure that once befell.*

THE PROUD BIRD OF GENEVA.

THE bird of Geneva sits up on his perch
 (He is carved out of pieces of wood),
 He holds his head up on his very long neck,
 And he looks far more proud than he should.



But you just pull a string that 's
 attached to his leg,
 And he changes his dignified mien.

His head and his tail tumble flipperty flop—
 He 's the sorriest bird ever seen.



The End.



ИЛЛЮСТРАЦИЯ КЪ ПЬЕСѢ АЛЕКСАНДРА

THE LITTLE MOTHER.

THE LITTLE MOTHER.

By M. M. D.

Now, Dolly dear, I'm going away.
I want you to be good all day.
Don't lose your shoes, nor soil your dress,
Nor get your hair all in a mess;
But sit quite still, and I will come
And kiss you soon as I get home.
I'd take you, dear, but then, you know,
It's Wilhelmina's turn to go.
She's sick, I'm 'fraid; her eyes don't work;
They open worse the more I jerk.
She used to be so straight and stout,
But now her sawdust's running out.
Her arm is out of order, dear —
My papa says she's "out of gear."
That's dreadful, is n't it? But then,
The air may make her well again.
So, Dolly, you'll be glad, I know,
To have poor Wilhelmina go.
Good-by, my precious; I must run —
To-morrow we'll have lots of fun.

A MILLION little diamonds
Twinkled on the trees;
And all the little maidens said:
"A jewel, if you please!"
But while they held their hands outstretched
To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came
And stole them all away.



A SONG OF THE SEA.

BY ERIC PARKER.

MERRILY, merrily dance the sails
Over the summer sea;
Down to the rocks and the yellow sand,
Down to the sand go we!

Hey for a bucket, and hey for a spade,
Hey for the silver sea!
Bricks and mortar for money and men,
Castles of sand for me!

Seaweed and shells for windows and doors,
Doors out into the sea!
Fish for sentinels, crabs for guards,
Pebbles for lock and key!

We are the kings of the golden sand,
Queens of the silver sea!
Ours is a kingdom of spades and pails,
None are so happy as we!





"HEY FOR A BUCKET, AND HEY FOR A SPADE,
HEY FOR THE SILVER SEA!"

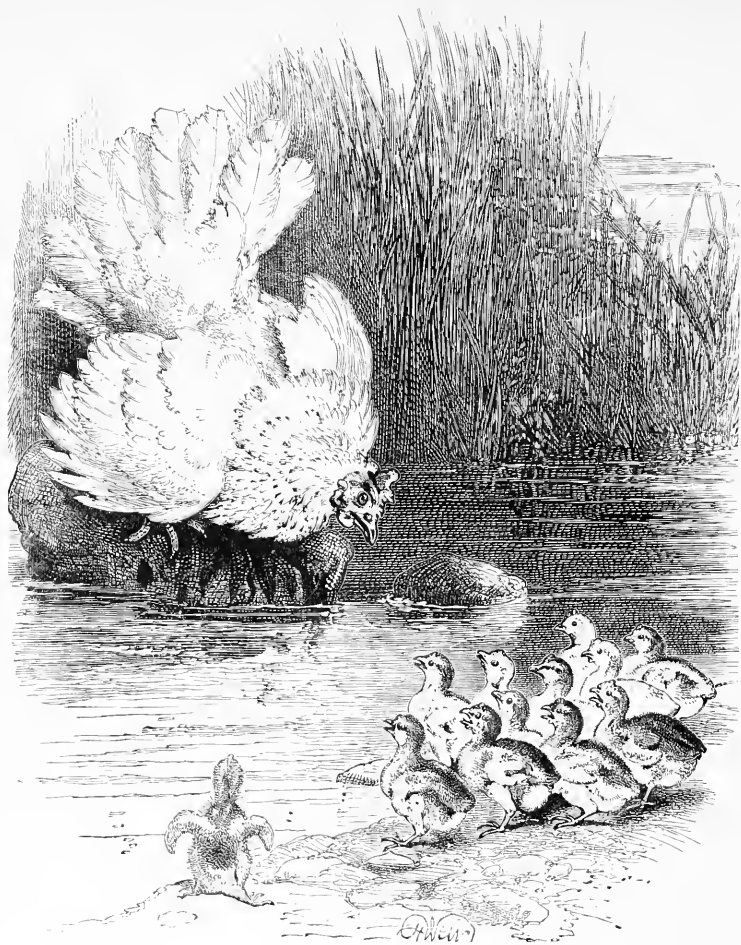


A PRUDENT MAID.

MISS DOROTHY DOT, before going to wade,
Takes her little tin bucket and little tin spade,
And Bobbie and she work away with a vim
Till her little tin bucket is full to the brim.
"With this sand we can build us a little dry spot
If the ocean 's too wet," says Miss Dorothy Dot.

A BLACK-NOSED kitten will slumber all the day;
A white-nosed kitten is ever glad to play;
A yellow-nosed kitten will answer to your call,
And a gray-nosed kitten I would n't have at all.





THE OLD HEN AND HER FAMILY.

THERE was once a big white hen who had twelve little chickens, and they were all just as good little chickens as ever you saw. Whatever their mother told them to do they did.

One day this old hen took her children down to a small brook. It was a nice walk for them, and she believed the fresh air from the water would do them good. When they reached the brook, they walked along by the bank for a little while, and then the old hen thought that it looked much prettier on the other side, and that it would be a good thing for them to cross over. As she saw a large stone in the middle of the brook, she felt sure that it would be easy to jump on that stone and then to jump to the other side. So she jumped to the stone and clucked for her children to follow her. But, for the first time in their lives, she found that they would not obey her. She clucked and flapped her wings and cried to them, in hen talk:

"Come here, all of you! Jump on this stone, as I did. Then we can go to the other side. Come, now!"

"Oh, mother, we can't, we can't, we can't!" said all the little chickens.

"Yes you can, if you try," clucked the old hen. "Just flap your wings as I did, and you can jump over easy enough."

"I *am* a-flapping my wings," said one little fellow named Chippy, who stood by himself in front, "but I can't jump any better than I did before."

"I never saw such children," said the old hen. "You don't try at all."

"We can't try, mother," said the little chicks. "We can't jump so far. Indeed, we can't, we can't, we can't, we can't!" chirped the little chicks.

"Well," said the old hen, "I suppose I must give it up"; and so she jumped back from the stone to the shore, and walked slowly home, followed by all her family.

"Don't you think mother was rather hard on us?" said one little chicken to another, as they were going home.

"Yes," said the other little chick. "Asking us to jump so far as that, when we have n't any wing-feathers yet, and scarcely any tails!"

"Well, I tried my best," said Chippy. "I flapped as well as I could."

"I did n't," said one of the others. "It's no use to try to flap when you've got nothing to flap."

When they reached home, the old hen began to look about for something to eat, and she soon found, close to the kitchen door, a nice big piece of bread. So she clucked, and all the little chickens ran up to her, and each one of them tried to get a bite at the piece of bread.

"No, no!" cried the old hen. "This bread is not for all of you. It is for the only one of my children who really tried to jump to the stone. Come, Chippy! you are the only one who flapped. This nice piece of bread is for you."



OUR CLUB.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

We 're going to have the mostest fun !
It 's going to be a club ;
And no one can belong to it
But Dot and me and Bub.

We thought we 'd have a Reading Club,
But could n't, 'cause, you see,
Not one of us knows how to read —
Not Dot nor Bub nor me.

And then we said a Sewing Club,
But thought we 'd better not ;
'Cause none of us knows how to sew —
Not me nor Bub nor Dot.

And so it 's just a Playing Club ;
We play till time for tea ;
And oh, we have the bestest times !—
Just Dot and Bub and me.



THE SNOWMAN.

BY W. W. ELLSWORTH.

ONE day we built a snowman ;
We made him out of snow.
You 'd ought to see how fine he was—
All white from top to toe !

We poured some water on him,
And froze him, legs and ears ;
And when we went indoors to bed
I said he 'd last two years.

But in the night a warmer kind
Of wind began to blow,
And winter cried and ran away,
And with it ran the snow.

And in the morning when we went
To bid our friend good day,
There was n't any snowman there—
Everything 'd runned away !



W. H. W.

"DON'T MIND HIM, KITTY DEAR. I WON'T LET HIM HURT YOU."



HER BUSY DAY



WHAT THE MISTLETOE DID.

A PRETTY doll in a stock-
ing hung,
While near her a soldier
doll bravely swung,
When, lo! the timepiece
struck twelve o'clock,
And gave the mistletoe
quite a shock.
Then the startled doll
heard the soldier say:
"All right, little neighbor!
It's Christmas Day."

Joel Stacy.

KITTIKIN AND THE KITTEN IN THE LOOKING-GLASS.

MIAOU! What sort of a kitten do you call yourself, I wonder! and where are your manners, I should like to know? Here have I been standing for a quarter of an hour, saying all the pretty things I can think of to you, and not so much as a purr can I get in reply. It is very rude, too, to mock me in that way, and imitate everything I do. My mother has always taught me to be polite to strangers; but perhaps you have n't any mother, poor thing! and never learned any manners. It is a pity, for you are a good-looking kitten—something like me, in fact, only not so pretty. Miss Jenny, my mistress, said yesterday that I was the prettiest kitten in the world. I thought awhile ago that I should like to go to school too, and learn lessons. So one day I started to follow Miss Jenny up the lane; but a great ugly monster of a dog barked at me, and frightened me out of my wits. So then I thought I would learn to read too; and as all the reading is in books,

I thought the best way would be to eat one. But before I had eaten half a leaf, Miss Jenny came in, and took away the book and called me a naughty kitten, and mother boxed my ears and sent me to bed without any supper.

Well, you strange cat!—not a word from you yet? Come now, do be good-natured and come out from behind that window. Such a grand frolic as we might have together! My brother Tom was given away last week. He jumped up on the breakfast-table and upset the cream-jug all over my mistress's new dress; and she said, "That comes of having so many cats about! One of them must go to-day"—and so Tom went.

Well, I cannot waste my time here any longer, for there is nothing to be got out of you but rudeness. I shall never come to see you again. And of all the ugly, rude, disagreeable kittens I ever saw —

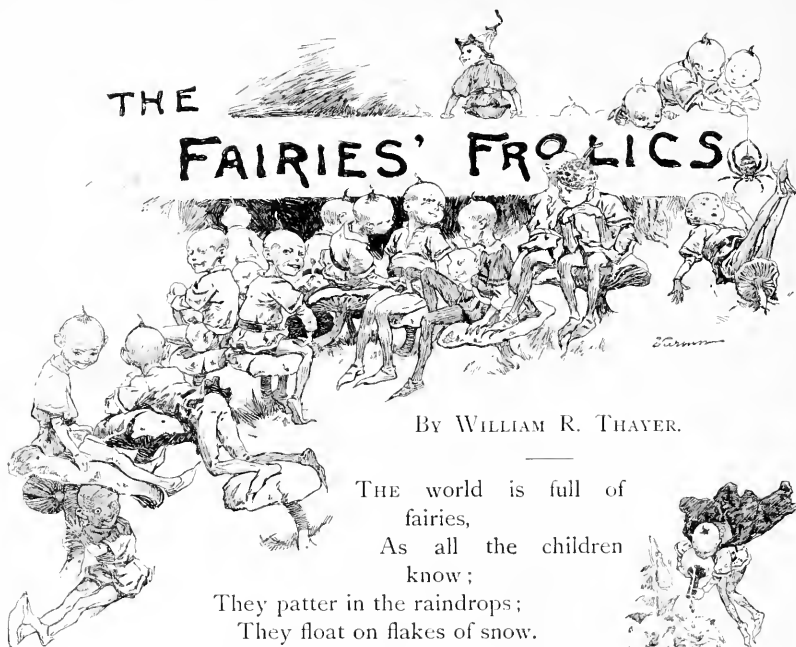
There! See what you've done! You made me knock over Miss Jenny's beautiful blue-and-gold smelling-bottle, that her grandpapa gave her on Christmas! See! it has rolled off the dressing-table and broken into bits. Oh! I'm sure I'll get no supper to-night; and—oh, dear! what *shall* I do if mother boxes my ears again? . . . Oh, oh! You've knocked off your bottle, too! My! won't you get whipped, though!



O. H. H. H.

THE

FAIRIES' FROLICS



BY WILLIAM R. THAYER.

THE world is full of
fairies,
As all the children
know;

They patter in the raindrops;
They float on flakes of snow.

They spin the cobweb curtains
Across the summer grass,
And fill the thirsty flower-cups
With dewdrops as they pass.

By day you cannot see them,
But only what they do,
Because they wear a magic cloak
That hides them from your view.

In winter, when the flowers
And foliage are lost,
The fairies' own court painter —
They've christened him Jack Frost —



"THEY FILL THE THIRSTY
FLOWER-CUPS."



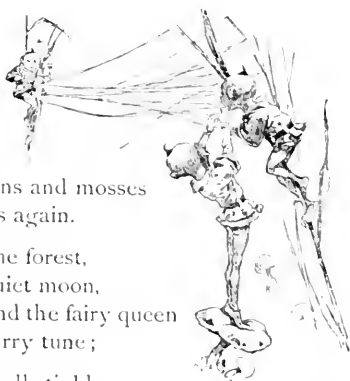
Then brings his
crystal
brushes,
And on the
window-
pane

He draws the ferns and mosses
And leafy trees again.

At midnight in the forest,
Beneath the quiet moon,
They gather round the fairy queen
And sing a merry tune;

And all the bluebells tinkle,
And all the harebells chime,
And columbines and violets
They nod and sway in time.

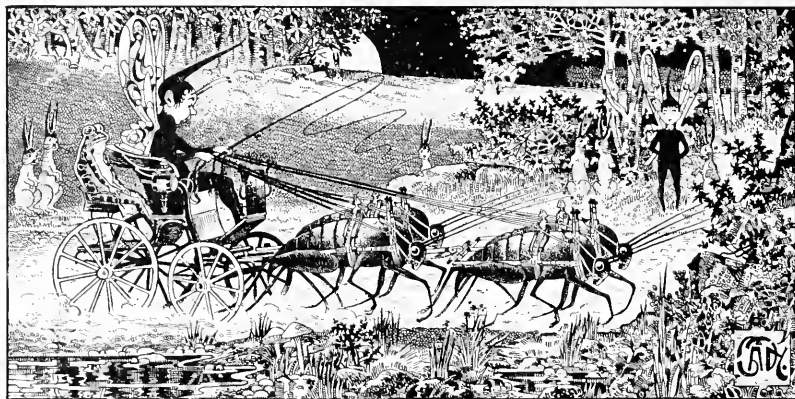
Oh, I often pause to listen
For the song the fairies sing;
And I wish that I could see them
A-dancing in a ring!



"THEY SPIN THE CORWEB
CURTAINS ACROSS THE
SUMMER GRASS."

"THE FAIRIES' OWN COURT FAINTER."





A FOUR-IN-HAND IN FAIRY-LAND.





A ROWING RACE IN FAIRY-LAND.



THE BLACK HORSE "BOB."



"Bob" is all ready to take his master out riding. His bridle and saddle are on, and, as it is a cold day, Bob's blanket is thrown over him while he is waiting. Bob is a good horse, and likes to eat a bit of sugar if any one will

give it to him. See how he is turning his head! Perhaps he thinks you have a piece of sugar for him. Bob's mistress often goes to his stable and pats him, and gives him a piece of candy or sugar. So Bob is always glad to see her, and he follows her about when he is out of doors eating grass. He hopes that she has some sugar for him. Bob thinks that sugar tastes very well with grass. Bob is a fine horse, because he is so handsome and strong, and can go so fast; but his master and mistress like him most of all because he is so gentle and so good.

THE MOUSE THAT LOST HER GREAT LONG TAIL.

ABOUT twenty-five years ago my mother told me this story: One morning, when a little gray mouse was running across the pantry floor, a great black-and-white cat pounced on her, and bit off her nice long tail. The little mouse felt dreadfully about it, and she said to the cat: "Old cat, will you please to give me back my great long tail?"

"Yes," said the cat, "I will give it to you if you will bring me a saucer of milk."

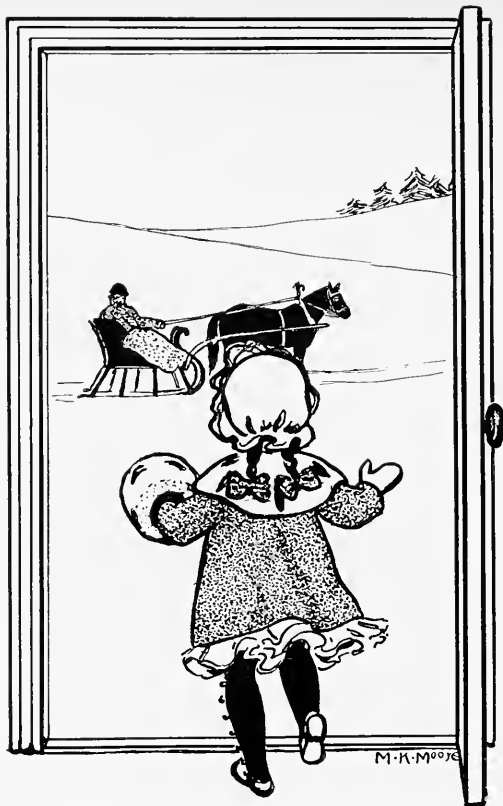
So the mouse ran down to the barn, where an old red cow was tied in the stall, and said: "Please, old cow, will you give me a saucer of milk for the cat, so she will give me back my great long tail?"

The cow said: "Yes, I will give you the milk if you will bring me a bunch of hay."

Then the mouse went to the farmer who was plowing in a field near by, and said to him: "Will you please to give me some hay for the cow? And then she will give me a saucer of milk for the cat, and the cat will give me back my great long tail."

The farmer said: "Yes, I will give you the hay if you will promise me not to go in my corn-crib and eat my corn."

And as the little mouse said she would "never, never touch the corn," the farmer gave her a bunch of hay, which she gave to the cow; and the cow gave her a saucer of milk, which she gave to the cat; and the old cat gave her back her great long tail, which made the little mouse very happy. But, best of all, she kept her word, and did not touch the farmer's corn.



"WAIT FOR ME!"

REMINDING THE HEN.

"It 's well I ran into the garden,"
Said Eddie, his face all aglow ;
"For what do you think, mama, happened?
You never will guess it, I know.
The little brown hen was there clucking ;
'Cut-cut !' she 'd say, quick as a wink,
Then 'Cut-cut' again, only slower ;
And then she would stop short and think.

"And then she would say it all over —

She *did* look so mad and so vex;

For, mama, do you know, she 'd forgotten

The word that she ought to cluck next.

So I said, 'Ca-daw-cut, ca-daw-cut!'

As loud and as strong as I could.

And she looked round at me very thankful;

I tell you, it made her feel good!

"Then she flapped, and said, 'Cut-cut — ca-daw-cut!'

She remembered just how it went then.

But it 's well I ran into the garden —

She might never have clucked right again!"



"WHY DOES N'T SOMEBODY BRING ME A VALENTINE?"



PAPER DOLLIES

OH, WHAT A GREEDY BOY!

THERE was once on a time a little boy,
And a small, greedy boy was he;
His mother gave him two plums and a pear,
And he hurriedly ate all three.

But just as he finished the very last,
He grew very gloomy and glum,
And muttered, "I think she could just as well
Have made it two pears and a plum."



THE LITTLE MOUSE. "NOW I DON'T LIKE CLOTHS, BUT I'D LIKE TO GO TO BE LIVED UP A CLOTH THAT, ALL MADE OF WHITE STUFF AND FEATHERS!"

THE RUSSIAN PEASANT AND HIS TURNIP.



Old Ivan (John) goes out into the garden to pull a turnip for dinner.



The ground is hard and the roots are long, so his wife Masha (Mary) comes out to help him.



Seeing their distress their little daughter Varka (Barbara) comes to the rescue, and



Thinking it is a new game that is being played, their little dog Moska joins in,



While the cat Briska looks on all unconscious of a very tender and tempting mouse just behind her.



Then with a long pull and a strong pull and a pull all together — up the turnip comes!



But all 's well that ends well, and around old Ivan they crowd and rejoice in the prospect of a savory dinner well earned.

THE ADOPTED CHICKEN.

WHEN I was a little girl I lived on a farm where there were a great many chickens and ducks and turkeys, and among them there was a brown hen named "Yellowfoot," who wanted very much to have a nice family of little yellow chickies; and she knew if she laid an egg every day until there were twelve eggs, and then sat on them patiently three weeks, she would have twelve dear little chicks.

So she laid a nice white egg every day. But she never could get twelve, because every day the cook took her egg away; and so Yellowfoot felt very sadly.

Now another hen, named "Tufty," thought it would be nice to have little chickens too; but she was very smart, and she found a place away off, that the cook didn't know about, and there she hid her eggs; and one day she surprised all the other hens by walking into the chicken-yard with twelve little chickens toddling after her!

Now I had heard how sorry poor Yellowfoot felt because she had no little chickens, and when I saw Tufty walking about so proudly with her twelve, I felt very sorry indeed for Yellowfoot.

Well, that very afternoon something funny happened. I was walking about the farm, and I found in the corner of a rail fence a turkey sitting on some eggs, and running around near her a little lonely chicken just out of its shell, making such a pitiful little "peep-peep." I took it up in my apron and ran and asked one of the men what it could mean, and he said that a hen's egg had by mistake been put with the turkey's eggs, and as it takes a week longer for turkeys' eggs to hatch than it does for hens' eggs, the poor little chicken had come out of its shell a week before there was anybody to take care of it.

When I heard this, I thought: "Poor little chicky! what will you do? For I don't know how to take care of you at all, and it will be a week before that ugly turkey gets ready to do it, and you'll be dead by that time!" And then suddenly I thought: "Why, this little chick is just as old as the twelve that were hatched this morning; now I'll take it to the chicken-yard and put it down among them, and Tufty will take care of it."

So I ran to the chicken-yard and put it with the other little chicks, and it ran after Tufty just like the others.

But you cannot believe how badly Tufty acted! The minute she heard the strange little "peep" with the twelve other little "peeps," she turned around and stood still a minute, and then all her feathers began to stick out, and she bobbed her head a minute, and then she pounced at my poor little chicken and gave her an awful peck!

Wasn't it cruel? I did not know what to do. I was afraid to go near Tufty, because she would think if I went near her that I was going to catch *her* little chicks, and I knew she would try to peck me just as she did my poor little chicken. While I was thinking, she flew at it again and gave it another peck. This time I didn't stop to think, but I jumped and



caught it, and ran before Tufty could catch *me*. I ran till I felt quite safe, and then sat down on the kitchen door-step, with my poor chick in my apron, and cried. I think I must have cried pretty loud, because mother heard me and came out.

When I had told her all about it, she said: "Why didn't you try old Yellowfoot?"

At that I jumped up and clapped my hands with delight, and my poor little chicken dropped on the grass; but it didn't hurt it, and I put it carefully back in my apron, and went to the yard again to try mother's plan.

I had a hard time finding old Yellowfoot, but finally I came upon her, looking very doleful, in the bottom of a barrel. I poked her with a stick,

but she would not come out. So, finally, I turned the barrel over, so she had to come out. But she looked very angry, and made a great deal of noise about it. I waited till she got quiet, and then I put my little chicken down by her. And oh, you should have seen her then! She looked at it a minute, and, when it "peeped," she gave a quiet little "cluck," just as if she were trying it to see how it sounded. And then the little chicken "peeped" again, and Yellowfoot "clucked" again and walked ahead a little, and chicky followed her.



"OH, DO KEEP STILL, PUSSY! YOU'RE WORSE THAN PAPA!"

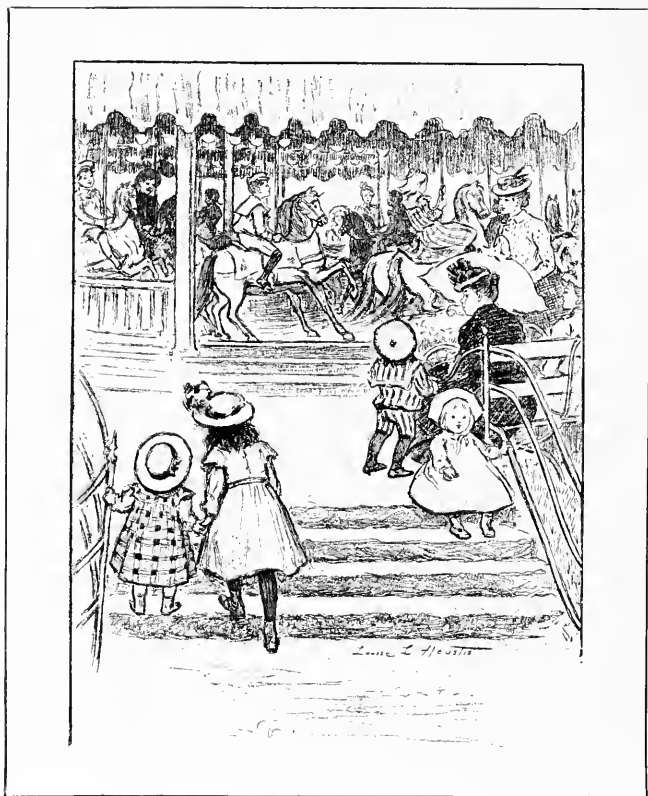


DR. WISDOM.

BY L. STROTHMANN.

WHEN Dr. Wisdom sits among
His papers and his books, sir,
He runs his fingers down the page,
And very wise he looks, sir.

He cares not if the soup be cold,
Nor if the meat it burns, sir.
When Dr. Wisdom 's at his books,
Oh, what a lot he learns, sir !



THE MERRY-GO-ROUND.

BY MARY M. PARKS.

ACROSS the way there 's a merry-go-round. I can see it where I lie.
I can see the hobby-horses glide across the twilight sky.
And when the merry-go-round goes round, the music begins to play,
And the people laugh, and the children sing, and all are blithe and gay.

And the merry-go-round goes round and round,
And the horses never tire ;
And the bright lights blaze,
And the music plays,
And the mirth rolls higher and higher,
As the merry-go-round goes round and round,
And round and round goes the merry-go-round.



"NOW, DOLLY, IT'S TIME YOU BEGAN TO TALK." I'VE SEEN A WAX DOLL NO GREATER THAN YOU, AND SHE SAYS 'PAPA' AND 'MAMA.' EVEN TOWSER CAN SPEAK FOR A LUMP OF SUGAR."

THE TAME CROW AND THE EGG.

ONCE up-on a time there lived a tame crow who was ver-y fond of eggs. He would some-times steal hens' eggs, and fly a-way with them to the mead-ow be-hind the barn, where he would break them and eat them. He found that a nice way to break an egg was to take one in his claws and fly up in the air and let it fall on the ground. He would then fly down and eat it as it ran out of the bro-ken shell. Some-times the egg would fall on the grass, or on the soft earth, and would not break. Then he would pick it up a-gain and fly up high-er, so that he would be sure to break it.

One day, Mis-ter Crow found a nice, shin-y white egg in a nest, and picked it up and flew a-way to feast upon it.

"My!" said Mis-ter Crow, as he flew a-long. "This is a ver-y heav-y egg. Per-haps it has a dou-ble yolk. Here is a nice hard place. I 'll let it fall on the gar-den walk, where it will be sure to break."

He let it fall, but it did not break.

"That is strange!" said Mis-ter Crow. "I must try a-gain."

So he did. He flew up high-er in the air, and let the egg fall right on some stones. It did not break this time.

"The third time nev-er fails," said Mis-ter Crow. "I 'll try once more."

Again he flew up with the egg and let it fall. It did not break e-ven this time, but just bounced like a rub-ber ball on the stones.

"Now, this is strange," said Mis-ter Crow. "It is the hard-est egg I ev-er saw. Per-haps it has been boiled for four min-utes."

He flew down and looked at the egg. It did not look like a hard-boiled egg, and he took it up a-gain, and flew as high as the wood-en roost-er on top of the barn.

"This time it must break," said Mis-ter Crow. But it only bounced high-er than be-fore, and was as whole as ev-er.

"I nev-er saw such an egg," said Mis-ter Crow. "I am a-fraid it is not good. I am ver-y hun-gry, and this is tire-some work. I 'll sit on the top of the barn and rest."

Just then the dai-ry-maid came a-long, and see-ing the egg on the path, she picked it up and said: "Gra-cious me! Here is one of those chi-na nest-eggs out in the gar-den!"

Do you won-der that Mis-ter Crow could not break it?



WARNING.

My papa tells me, if I pout
And keep my lips "all sticking out,"
They 'll freeze that way some day, and then
They never will unfreeze again.

So, boys and girls, you 'd better try
To be as full of fun as I;
Then if your face should freeze and stay,
Your folks would love you anyway.

TOMMY AND THE PIE.

"Which do you prefer, Tommy, apple-pie or peach?"

"Thank you, ma'am," said Tommy; "I prefer a piece of each."

GINGER SNAPS.

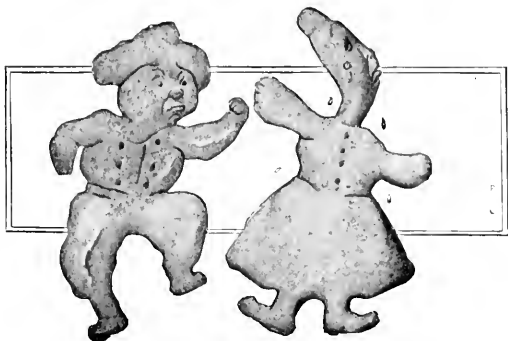
BY ELLEN MANLY.



The gingerbread man and his dear little wife,

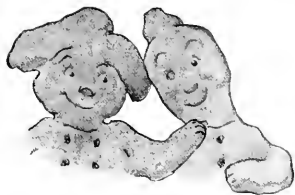
In their little brown suits so neat,
Stood side by side by the baking-pan,
Quite out of sorts with the heat.
Their smiles were sweet, but their tempers bad,
And something happened extremely sad.

The wife was cross that day. Said she,
"You're the homeliest man in town!
Your head is too large, and your feet too small,
And your color is quite too brown;
And if there is anything I despise,
T is a pair of little black beady eyes!"



The gingerbread man
flew into a rage.
"Just look at yourself!"
cried he.
"You are much too fat,
and your nose is flat,
And your squint is a
sight to see;
While your dress is shock-
ingly out of style,
And every one's tired of
that same old smile!"

Then the gingerbread woman sobbed so hard
That she cried out one of her eyes;
But he scolded on till he grew quite cracked,
And both of them looked like guys;
When, ashamed of themselves, their anger
passed,
And a gingerbread truce was signed at last.



“We never will quarrel again!” cried she,
“For I ’m sure it is most absurd,
And with dispositions as sweet as ours
I can’t see how it occurred —
Why, you know, my dear, when nothing goes wrong
We are just angelic the whole day long!”

But never a “next time” came,
alas!

To the queer little people in
brown.

That very same hour they were in-
troduced

To the best little boy in town.

‘I ’m delighted to meet such a
pair!’ quoth he,

And promptly invited them both to
tea.

A little while later, when Norah
came

To carry the dishes away,
The gingerbread people had disap-
peared

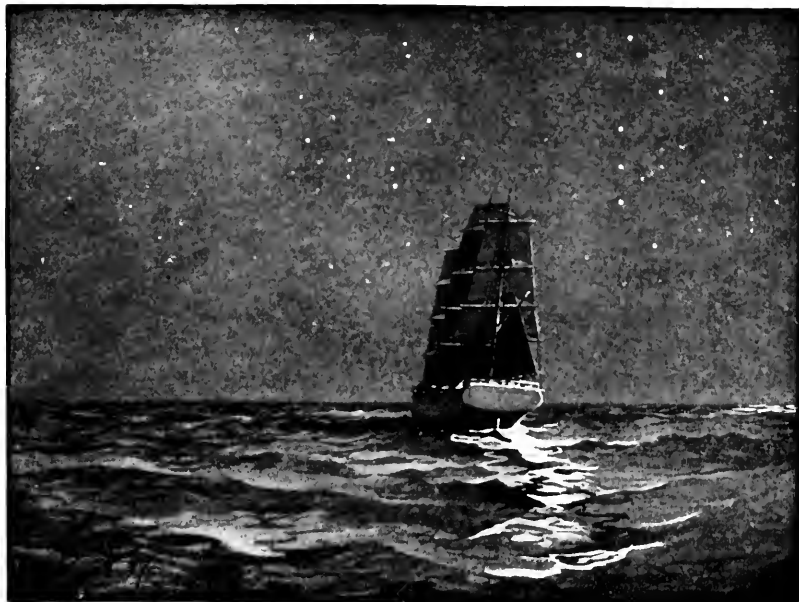
In gingerbread style, they say,
And a couple of currants rolling
round,

With some little brown crumbs,
were all she found!



THERE'S A SHIP ON THE SEA.

BY M. M. D.



THERE 's a ship on the sea. It is sailing to-night —
Sailing to-night;
And father 's aboard, and the moon is all bright —
Shining and bright.
Dear moon, he 'll be sailing for many a night —
Sailing from mother and me;
Oh, follow the ship with your silvery light,
As father sails over the sea !



LIKE GRANDMAMA.


BY AGNES M. WATSON.

My grandpapa says, and he surely must know,
That when to a tall, handsome lady I grow,
I shall look like my grandma a long time ago.
“For,” he says, when I put on her bonnet and shawl,
“You’re as sweet as your grandma, though not quite so tall.”
And certainly grandpapa knows best of all.




"When Laura Goes to Play."

By Rose Mills Powers.



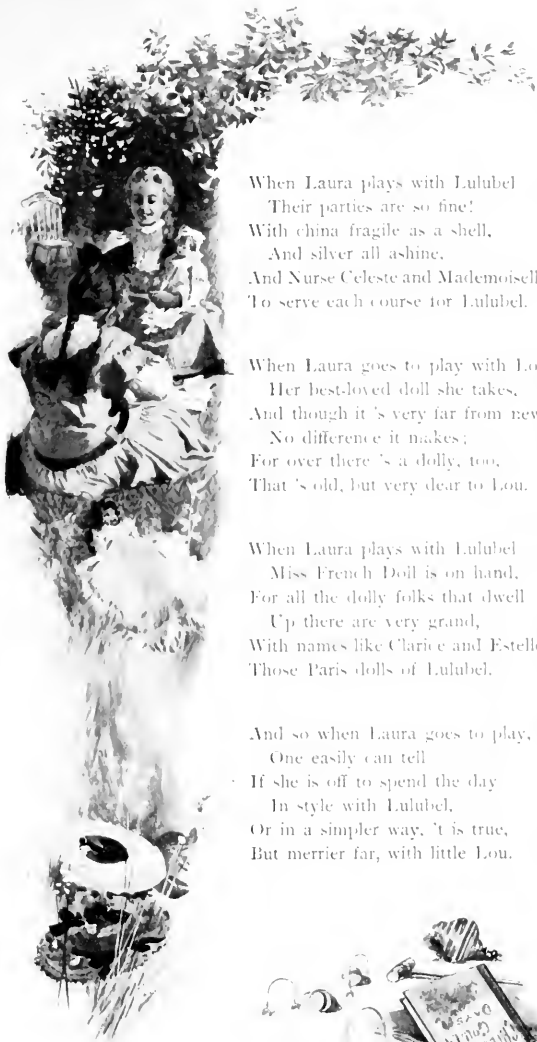
WHEN Laura goes to play with Lou,
Who lives across the way,
She wears a gingham frock of blue
Just made for romp and play;
And oftentimes her hat 's askew,
When Laura goes to play with Lou.

When Laura plays with Lulubel,
Who lives up on the square,
She has to dress up very well
And think about her hair.
It would not do to run pell-mell,
Up on the square with Lulubel.



When Laura goes to play with Lou
They picnic on the grass;
Two cups of milk, a bun or two,
Is all there is to pass;
And yet it seems a nice menu
To Laura, playing there with Lou.





When Laura plays with Lulubel
Their parties are so fine!
With china fragile as a shell,
And silver all ashine,
And Nurse Celeste and Mademoiselle
To serve each course for Lulubel.

When Laura goes to play with Lou
Her best-loved doll she takes,
And though it 's very far from new,
No difference it makes;
For over there 's a dolly, too,
That 's old, but very dear to Lou.

When Laura plays with Lulubel
Miss French Doll is on hand,
For all the dolly folks that dwell
Up there are very grand,
With names like Clarice and Estelle,
Those Paris dolls of Lulubel.

And so when Laura goes to play,
One easily can tell
If she is off to spend the day
In style with Lulubel,
Or in a simpler way, 't is true,
But merrier far, with little Lou.

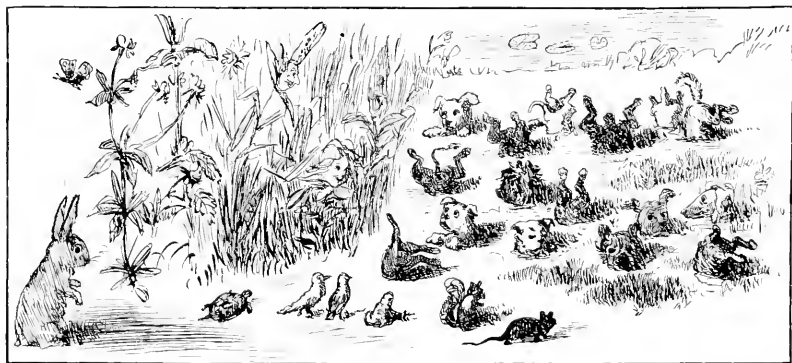


THE LITTLE DOG WITH THE GREEN TAIL.

ONCE upon a time, there came to the town where all the little dogs live a strange little dog whose tail was of a most beautiful bright green color—so very bright that it shone like an emerald. Now, when all the other little dogs saw this, they were filled with admiration and envy, and they all ran to the strange little dog, and said:

“Oh, little dog! what makes your tail so beautifully green? Pray tell us, that we may make ours green too, for we never saw anything so lovely in all our lives.”

But the strange little dog laughed, and said: “There are many things far



greener than my tail. There is the grass down in the meadow; go and ask that what makes it green, and perhaps it will tell you.”

So all the little dogs ran down into the meadow where the grass was growing, and they said: “Oh, grass, grass! what makes you so green? Pray tell us, that we may all get green tails like the strange little dog’s.”

But all the little blades of grass shook their heads, and said: “We can tell you nothing about that. All we know is that we were down under the ground last winter, and that when we came up this spring we were all green. You might try that, and perhaps it would make you green too.”

So all the little dogs went to work as fast as they could, and dug holes in the ground, and they got into them and covered themselves up with earth,

But very soon they found that they could not breathe; so they were all obliged to come up again. And when they looked at each other, they saw, to their sorrow, that their tails were not green at all, but just the same colors that they were before—some black, some brown, and some spotted. So then they all went again to the strange little dog, and said:

"Oh, little dog, little dog! we have been to the grass, and it has not helped us at all. Now, do please tell us what makes your tail so beautifully green, for we never can be happy till ours are like it."

But the strange little dog only laughed again, and answered: "My tail is not the only green thing in the world. There are the leaves on the great oak-tree; they are very green indeed. Go and ask them what makes them so, and perhaps they will tell you."

So all the little dogs ran as fast as they could to the great oak-tree, and called out to the little leaves: "Oh, little leaves! what makes you so beau-



tifully green? Do tell us, that we may all get green tails like the strange little dog's."

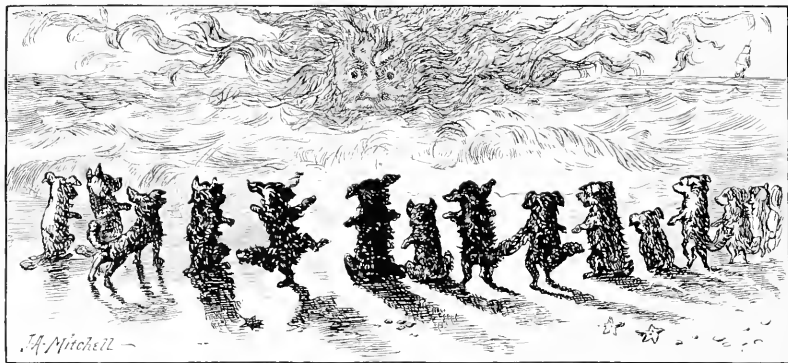
But the little leaves all shook their heads, and said: "We know nothing about that. We came out of our buds last spring, and then we were very pale. But we danced about, and the more we danced the greener we grew. Perhaps if you come up here and dance, you will grow green too."

So the little dogs climbed up the tree as fast as they could, and tried to dance about on the branches. But they were not fastened on like the little leaves, so they all fell down and hurt themselves very much; and when they got up and looked at each other, they were not any greener than before. So then they all cried bitterly, and they ran once more to the strange little dog, and said: "Oh, little dog, little dog! we have tried the way that the

leaves told us, and we have only hurt ourselves dreadfully, and have not got green at all. And now, if you do not tell us, we shall all die of grief, for we never can rest again till our tails are green."

But the strange little dog only laughed more than ever, and said: "What stupid creatures you are, to think that there is nothing green in the world except my tail! There is the sea; he is twenty times as green as my tail. Go and ask him, and he will surely tell you all about it, for he is very wise and knows everything."

So all the little dogs ran as fast as they could down to the shore; and there was the great hungry sea prowling up and down, twirling his white mustaches and tossing his white hair, and looking very green and very fierce.



The little dogs were very much frightened, but they took courage when they thought of the beautiful green tail, and they said, trembling: "Oh, great sea! the strange little dog told us that you were very wise and knew everything, and that you would tell us how to make our tails green like his."

The great sea smiled wickedly, and answered: "Oh, yes, my children, I can tell you. I am green myself, and I make everything green that touches me. So let me take you in my arms a moment, and you will all become beautifully green just like me."

So the great hungry sea held out his long green arms, and beckoned to them with his white hands; and the poor little dogs all shut their eyes and jumped in, and in less than a minute the sea gobbled them all up, so that not one was left. And there was an end of all the little dogs. And the strange little dog went back to the place he came from, with his green tail curled up behind him; and he never was seen or heard of again.

A LETTER TO GRANDPA.



I am going to write a letter to Grandpa.



Let me see....What shall I write?



I think I will tell him to buy me a pony.



Busy Writing.

FLUFFY AND "SNUFFY."

BY CARRIE W. THOMPSON.



FLUFFY was a little girl with some nice clean clothes on;
"Snuffy" was a little dog with a naughty nose on.



Fluffy had a bowl of broth given her for dinner;
Snuffy, from a stool near by, watched her — little sinner!



Fluffy thought she heard a noise like an organ-grinder;
Turned her curly head to look through the pane behind her.

Snuffy, when she dropped her spoon, went to learn the reason;
Mild respect was in his eye — in his heart was treason.



Fluffy's thoughts came back to broth at the time precisely
That he turned it upside down, just to cool it nicely.

Fluffy cried and ran away with no nice clean clothes on;
And Snuffy was a little dog with an injured nose on.



"IT'S MEAN TO STAND THERE AND LAUGH, WOOFER, WHEN IT'S SO HOT THAT NOBODY COMES TO MY BIRTHDAY PARTY, AND THE CANDLES IS ALL MELTED ON MY BIRTHDAY CAKE!"

PLAYING HOUSE.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

THE "House" is built in the corner, out of two screens. Inside is the little rocking-chair and a foot-stool that makes a nice sofa. The Little Lady inside rocks awhile, and then she feels lonesome. So she comes out to where the Big Man is reading, and pulls at his sleeve.

The Big Man goes on reading and does n't hear at first; so the Little Lady has to pull again, and to say things to him. Then he says "yes," and goes right on reading. So she pulls harder and talks it all over; and by and by he looks around, and then, when she has said it once more, he says:

"Oh, that's it, is it? You want me to pay a call, do you? Well, you won't mind if I come just as I am, will you?"

Then the little lady runs into her House, and the Big Man knocks at the door.

"Come in!" says the Little Lady. And the Big Man goes and does his best to seat himself on the sofa without knocking the House down entirely. He does this at last, though his head comes up nearly to the top of the House, which makes him glad there is n't any roof.



Then the Big Man says that he's well, and hopes the Little Lady is; and the Little Lady says that she's well, too. The Big Man likes that, and asks after the children. The Little Lady looks first one way and then the other, and then jumps up real quick and calls over the top of the House for mama to pass over the dolls. In a moment they come, not one at a time, however, but all three in a bunch, and the visit goes on.



The Big Man says he thinks Bessie has grown, and that Annabelle is a bright-looking child. The Rag Doll he thinks might have a cleaner face, but the Little Lady says "no," for the Rag Doll is really cleaner than any one would think from only looking at her. Then he says "good day," and the Little Lady says "good day," too; and then the Big Man tries to get up without turning the House over, and has to hold on to the window-sill to do it. Then the Little Lady dances up

and down, and holds to his hand when he goes back to his paper, and rocks him a little in his chair. Then she returns to the House, and after about a hundred years by her count, comes back and wants him to do it all over again—just once more before bedtime.

And then the Big Man groans and groans and grumbles, and finally does it just "once more."

THE FROGS' PICNIC.

THERE were once five little frogs who had a holiday. They all agreed that it would be great fun to go on a picnic, and so their mothers told them



that they might go, if they would be careful and not get their feet dry. You know that when a frog is well, his feet always feel cool and damp. If you ever catch a well frog you can feel his feet, and see if this is not so.

So off these five frogs started, all in high glee, and bound to make a

merry day of it. They soon reached a small woods with a pretty stream running through it, and there they agreed to have their picnic. They hid their dinners, which they had brought with them, behind a small bush, and then they began to play games. They played a good many very nice games suitable for little frogs, and enjoyed themselves very much jumping about in the damp grass and among the wet leaves in the woods; for it was yet quite early in the day, and the dew was still on the ground.

But after a while the sun rose higher and the day became warmer, and then these little frogs did not care so much for jumping and hopping about on dry land. So they all sat down to rest near the edge of the stream.

Very soon the smallest frog said he was warm and dry, and he jumped into the water to take a swim.

"Come on in!" he called out to the others. "It's splendid! I did not know how uncomfortable it was out there."

"Oh, ho!" said the oldest frog, "we're not going in the water. We can do that any day. Don't you know this is a picnic?"

"Yes, I know it is, and that's the reason I want to have all the fun I can. You had better come in before your feet get dry and you make yourselves sick."

The other frogs thought that this little fellow was very silly. One of them turned her back on him and would not have a word to say to him. The second largest frog grinned at him until his mouth stretched out nearly as wide as his body, and said:

"You must be a simpleton! Going in to swim when we are out on a picnic and want to have a good time doing things that we don't do every day! You might as well have stayed at home."

But the little frog did not mind what the others said. He just swam about and enjoyed himself.

The other frogs thought that this was very ridiculous and improper, but as they looked at him he seemed so comfortable in the clear, cool stream, that they almost wished it was yesterday or to-morrow, or some day which was not a picnic day, so that they might go in too.

Sometimes the little frog came out and wanted to play. But they did not care about playing, and as the day wore on they began to feel so badly that they agreed to consider that the picnic was over.

The minute this was settled the five frogs sprang all together into the air and came down *splash!* into the water.

Oh, how delightful and cool it was!

"No more picnics for me!" cried the widest-mouthed fellow. "I go in for enjoying myself."

"Well," said the little frog, "I don't see why we can't have a picnic without thinking that we must do something uncommon all the time. I think that frogs can often have lots more fun doing the things that they do every day than when they try to do something that they are not used to."

That was a very wise little frog.

THE LITTLE BOY WHO WANTS TO KNOW.

BY CLARA MARIE PLATT.

THERE 's a little boy at my house
With a round-eyed, wond'ring stare;
When he sees the daylight going,
The little boy asks me, "*Where?*"

The world is so full of marvels!—
He 's learning to find them now;
And each time a rosebud blossoms
The little boy asks me, "*How?*"

In the long, still days of summer,
When the summer sun is hot,
As the wind steals through the garden,
The little boy asks me, "*What?*"

He keeps me busily thinking.
Each day is *to-day* again;
To-morrow should get here sometime!
The little boy asks me, "*When?*"

Does any one know the answers?
No matter how hard I try,
There 's always another question—
The little boy asks me, "*Why?*"



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MRS. N. J. BARTLEY

THE LITTLE BOY WHO WANTS TO KNOW.

HIS DREAM.

"ONE night I had a funny dream," said little Tommy Drew;
"I dreamed that I was wide awake, and woke and found 't was true!"



IN VACATION-TIME "NOW, SEE ME SEND IT OVER THAT BIG TREE."



DRAWN BY ROSE M. LILLEN SPRAGUE

WAITING FOR FATHER.

HOW DO YOU KNOW—

There 's a girl in the house?

By the beautiful doll with the movable eyes—
A French doll that sleeps, and that talks, walks, and cries;
By the toy-house and trunk and the stove and the chairs;
By the needle and thread, in the nursery upstairs;
By the doll-hats and furbelows made every day
For Annie and Sallie and Bessie and May;
By the soft little laugh and the sweet little song,
Which never to grown folks or boys could belong.

“And if you run up to the nursery floor,
And go to the room, and then open the door,”
Aunt Dorothy says, “well, when *I* take a peep,
And see a wee mother a-rocking to sleep
Her own little dolly, as still as a mouse—
Why, then I am sure there 's a girl in the house!”



HOW DO YOU KNOW—

There 's a boy in the house?

By the cap that is hanging downstairs in the hall;
By the gun and the pistol, the bat and the ball;
The Indian war-dance, the toy-cannon's roar,
That are heard, now and then, through the nursery door;
By the engines and drums and the tool-chest and nails,
The steam-cars and tracks and the boats with trim sails;
By the volumes of Cooper which from cover to cover
Have been read and re-read by an Indian-lover.

"But you must take care, if you value your head,
When you go to the nursery," declares Uncle Fred.
"When I open the door there 's a scramble and shout;
I 'm attacked by a brigand, and I 'll never doubt
Who clutches me fast, as a cat does a mouse—
Well, these are good signs there 's a boy in the house!"





THE SAILING-MASTERS.

THE SAILING-MASTERS.

WHEN the shadows grow long on the lawn's pleasant green,
You may chance, any day, on a bright little scene
By the pond in the Park, where the smooth water takes
White gleams, like the lilies on far, forest lakes.

No lilies are these, floating snowy and sweet;
But the white, mirrored sails of a fairy-like fleet:
The boats of our boys, who attend them with pride,
As through the light ripples they gracefully glide.

There are sloop-yachts and schooners, and boats of all build,
By masterly makers or makers unskilled;
There are boats that were bought—but more dear, be it known,
Is the boat a boy shaped with a knife of his own!

And they fly the brave colors each lad loves the best,
The Star-Flag, the fair flag, the Flag of the West;
And they bear the proud names of which fame is most fond—
As they rang round the world, so they ring round the pond.

Our young sailing-masters! How grave is their play!
How ardent, how active, how tireless are they!
Hark! "Mine is the 'Gloucester'!" "'Olympia,' ahoy!"
What fact is so true as the dream of a boy?

And each has his dream and his weighty affair,
From the youth to the toddler with soft curling hair;
From the four-year-old mariner led by the maid
To the 'Admiral,' splendid with star and with braid.

Who knows the strange future? A lost summer hour
Of the boyhood whose pleasure has passed into power,
To the man may send mem'ries like messenger doves
Of the broad-harbored city, the land that he loves.

Our young sailing-masters! What seas shall they sail?
Shall they dare the dim North? Shall they fail or prevail?
Shall they serve the brave colors they still love the best,
The Star-Flag, the fair flag, the Flag of the West?

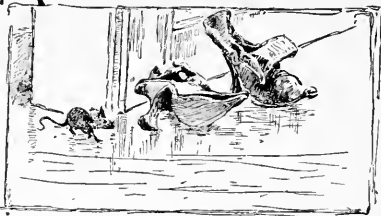
Ah, visions and echoes our musings invade:
The thund'rous bombardment, the sleepless blockade,
The crash of the sea-fight, and, when the guns cease,
The passion of rescue, the triumph of peace!

Long, long may it be ere to chivalrous fight
The stately gray war-ships go forth in their might;
Then the Nation may call, in the strife that redeems,
On the young sailing-masters, the dreamers of dreams!

Helen Gray Cone.

Five little Mice

This little mousie
Peeped within ;
This little mousie
Walked right in !



This little mousie

Came to play,

This little

Ran away !



This little mouse-
Cried Oh, dear me!
Dinner is done ,
And time for tea!



A Monday Riddle.

Ver-y use-ful and ver-y slim;
Ver-y ti-dy and ver-y trim.
Once a week they make a dis-play;
Af-ter that they are hid-den a-way.
Two long legs and a ver-y small head;
If you can guess it, e-nough has been said.

Noah's Ark.

Oh bring my Noah's Ark to me ;
Fol the diddle , and fol the dee !
The beasts are all asleep I see ;
Fol the diddle , and fol the dee !



We'll wake them up, and make them play ;
Fol the diddle , and fol the da !
And bears shall growl, and nags shall neigh ;
Fol the diddle , and fol the da !



Lions and leopards, and camels come ;
Fol the diddle , and fol the dum !
Some I like , and I don't like some ;
Fol the diddle , and fol the dum !

Horse and hound , and cat and crow ,
Fol the diddle , and fol the do !
Into your Noah's Ark you go ;
Fol the diddle , and fol the do !



BEAN-BAG SONG.

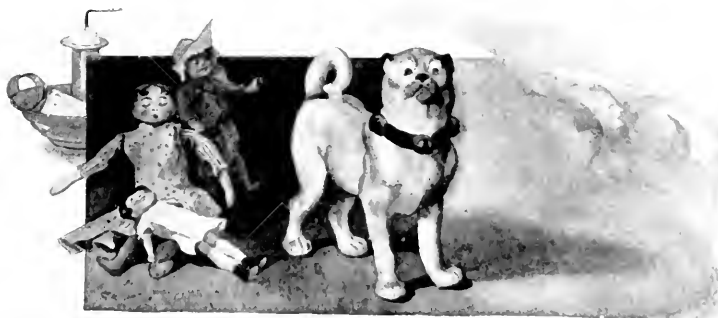
By Christopher Valentine.

Bean-bag, bean-bag, flying through the sky,
Come and let me catch you —
Do not fly too high !
Now I send you back again ;
Do not fly too low,
Fall into my hands, and then
Up again you go !

Bean-bag, bean-bag, sailing in the sun,
Why do you come down so soon
When your flight 's begun ?
Spread your wings and fly away !
I 'd change you to a bird
Were I a fairy who could say
The secret, magic word !

Bean-bag, bean-bag, would n't it be funny
If I were but a princess,
And you a bag of money ?
But if you fell upon her nose
'T would make the princess scold !
Beans are safer, I suppose,
Than silver or than gold !

"THE LITTLE CHINA DOG 'S ON GUARD."



All 's quiet among the children —

The nursery door 's not barred —

But you 'd best be looking out if you have 'd make it at all.

For the little china dog 's on guard!



THE CHINESE DOG. "WHOSE BREAKFAST IS THE 'SNOWY'."

HOW TOMMY CAME HOME.

TOMMY was a tame bird. Sometimes he was shut up in his cage; but he was so tame, and knew the family so well, that he was often allowed to fly about the room. One day a window happened to be open when Tommy was out of his cage, and he thought it would be a good thing for him to go out of doors for a little while. So he went out. He flew up into a tree, and it was so nice and cool there that he soon flew into another tree, and so he kept on flying about until it was night, and he was a long way from home. Tommy now began to get hungry and to wish himself back in his cage, where he knew there was plenty of nice seed. But he did not know exactly which way to go, for it was quite dark, and he was not used to being out of doors at night. So he went to sleep on a limb of a tree; but before he shut his eyes, he made up his mind that he would wake up very early and try to catch a worm. But when he awoke it was not very early, and the country birds, who live out of doors all the time, had caught all the worms. So poor Tommy felt so badly that he did not even try to find his way home.

When his kind master missed Tommy, he was very sorry, and he went looking all about for him, whistling a little tune that Tommy liked. But no Tommy answered him. After breakfast, the next day, a gentleman came to Tommy's master's house and said: "I saw a bird like your Tommy in a tree back of Mr. Scott's barn. He whistled just like Tommy." So Tommy's master took the bird-cage and ran all the way to Mr. Scott's barn. And there in a tree was Tommy! So his master began to whistle the little tune Tommy liked, and Tommy was glad enough to hear that tune, and he whistled it too. His master put the cage on the ground and opened the door, and then he stepped to one side and whistled again. In a few minutes Tommy flew down on the ground and hopped along to the cage. When he saw that it was really his own cage, he went in and began to eat seed as fast as he could. Then his master shut the door and took him home, and he was very glad indeed to get Tommy again.

Now you see that if Tommy's master had not been kind to him, the poor lost bird would have been afraid to come down from the tree and go into his cage. But Tommy had been so kindly treated that he was not afraid, and so his master got him again.

If you have a bird or any other pet, you ought to remember this story and be kind to your pet, and then, if it should get lost, it may be as glad to see you as Tommy was to see his master.



FROM A PAINTING BY G. G. G. G.

A VILLAGE SCHOOL IN BRITANY.

BY EDWARD OF BRISTOL, MASON & CO.

RHYMES.

By GERTRUDE HEATH.

(With drawings by Oliver Herford.)

I.

LITTLE PERCIVAL PETERKIN POOLE.

LITTLE Percival Peterkin Poole
He is ready to start off for school.

"I will wrap up," he said,
"From my feet to my head,
For I fear that the morning is cool!"

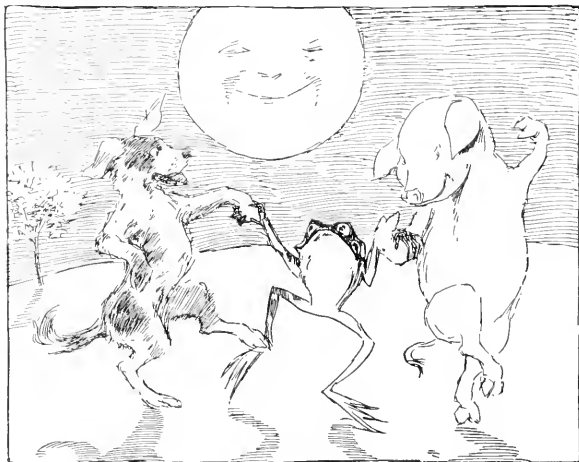
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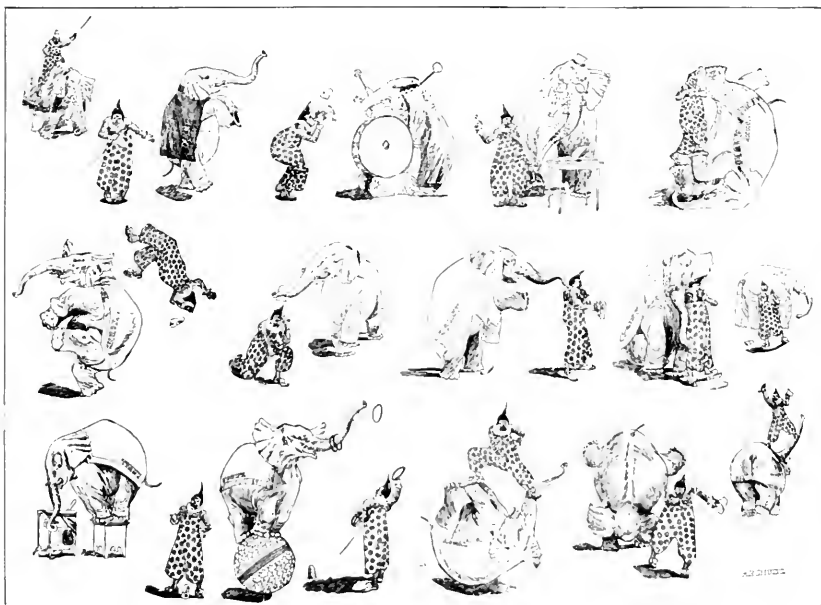
THE DOGGIE, THE FROGGIE, AND THE PIG.

Oh, the Doggie and the Froggie and the
Pig!

They said, "Oh, we will dance a friendly
jig.

By the pale moon's light
We will dance all night,
With a jiggy-jig, jiggetty — jig!"






NAT AND "TOMMY."

SOUND the trumpets, beat the drums,
 See the learned elephant comes!
 Introduced by Zany Nat,
 Elephant "Tommy" doffs his hat.
 Tom makes music, smokes and reads,
 Every word of Nat's he heeds.
 He turns a somersault complete,
 Upsetting Nat, who's on his feet.
 Tommy's sorry, makes amends,
 Sheds some tears, and they're good friends.
 Tommy grinds the organ now,
 Catches rings, rocks, makes a bow,
 Then bears his master from the ring,
 While all applaud like anything.

G 150243




The May Pole Dance



In and out, in and out,
Weaving ribbons bright;
Round the May-pole children dance—
Such a pretty sight!

There are green and brown and red,
Held by Ben, and Joe, and Ned;
There are yellow, pink, and blue,
Held by Bella, May, and Sue.



In and out, in and out,
Braiding ribbons tight;
All the girls go toward the left,
And the boys to right.
Pretty Bella nods her head when she passes little
Ned;
Sue and May smile back again as they trip by Joe
and Ben.

In and out, in and out,
Plaiting colors bright;
Boys and girls with one accord
Sing with all their might.
See! the May-pole standing there
Suddenly has grown most fair!
Now it makes a fine display,
Decked in colors bright and gay.

Now begin out and in,
Unwind yellow, pink, and blue,
Dancing Bella, May, and Sue;

Untwist green and brown and red,
Laughing Ben and Joe and Ned.

In and out, in and out,
Loos'ning ribbons bright;
Now the boys go toward the left,
And the girls to right.
As the dancers lightly bound,
All the streamers are unwound,
Till they leave the May-pole
bare
'Neath its crown of flowers fair.



THE MAY-POLL DANCE.



THE FIRST TRIP OF THE LITTLE DUTCH MILKMAN.



THE MEETING OF THE ELVES' CLUB AT THE FAIRY RING.

BAKING-DAY.

ON Saturdays we always bake
Biscuits and tarts and jelly-cake,
Or else a pudding rich and good,
Or pies and other kinds of food.

I help mama with right good will,
And make-believe my stove to fill
With wood and paper laid just so,
To bake my tins all filled with dough.

It matters not how hard I try,
My dough burns black — I wonder why?
But when papa comes home, you see,
I have my table set for tea.

He says that everything is "prime,"
And helps himself a second time;
But, do you know, I half believe
He slips the pieces up his sleeve!

Annie Willis McCullough.





BY EMMA L. STEVENS.



WHEN bedtime comes to the girls and boys,
 And the moon looks round and large,
 The old Dream King doth merrily sing
 As he sails along in his barge.
 Now listen well, I have news to tell,
 And the secret you must keep:
 You can never ride by the Dream King's side
 Till after you 've dropped asleep!



BUT when you 've cuddled down for the night,
 And soon into slumber glide,
 As you fall asleep, then with a sweep
 He takes you off for a ride.
 The barge of the King is swift and strong,
 And it rides on the river Sleep;
 Its sails gleam white through the darkest night
 As it slides o'er the waters deep.



AR out from the shore on the river wide
Lies the wonderful isle "Just Right."
Here are bands that play all the livelong day,
And rockets to light at night.
There are lovely dolls with golden hair,
And the finest of painted toys;
But there are no schools nor tiresome rules
To bother the girls and boys.



ERE are charming birds with pea-green wings,
And beautiful cats so white;
There are kittens to match that never scratch,
And puppies that never bite.
Though you play all night on the golden sands
Of this wonderful isle so fair,
With the morning light you must take your flight,
Nor dreamily linger there.



ITH a hop and skip you board the barge,
And go sailing back to town,
While the gay old King doth cheerily sing
As he carefully drops you down.
And when you awake you find yourselves
In your little beds, safe and well;
And you tumble out, with a merry shout,
To the sound of the breakfast bell!



HOW DO BIRDIES LEARN TO SING?

How do birdies learn to sing?

From the whistling wind so fleet,
From the waving of the wheat,
From the rustling of the leaves,
From the raindrops on the eaves,
From the tread of welcome feet,
From the children's laughter sweet.

Little birdies learn their trill
As they gaily float at will
In the gladness of the sky,
When the clouds are white and high.
In the beauty of the day,
Speeding on their sunny way,
Light of heart and fleet of wing —
That 's how birdies learn to sing.

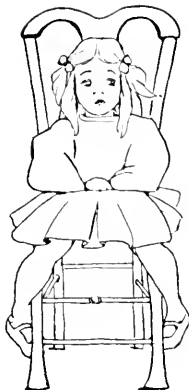


A LIVELY TANDEM.

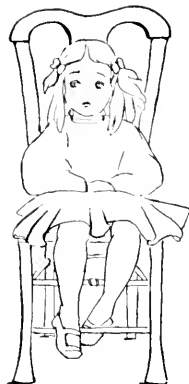


BY MARY WHITE.

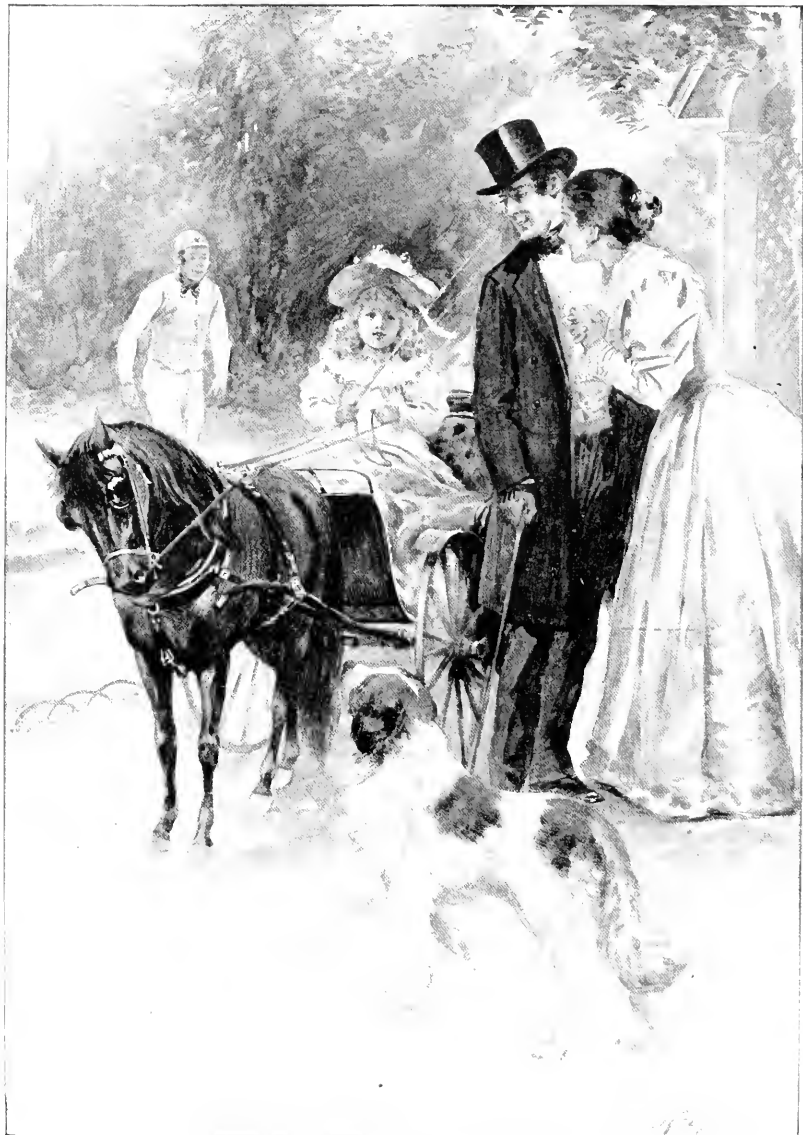
Two tearful little maids I met,
 Who looked as like as pins.
 I asked, "What is the trouble, dears?"
 They answered, "We are twins!"
 "It seems to make you weep," said I.
 "Why, yes; and you would, too,
 If you were both of us," said they,
 "And both of us were you.



"We always have to dress alike,
 And on the cars or street
 Some silly person 's sure to say,
 'Why, you are twins—how sweet!'
 And as to birthdays, we 've but one
 To Madge and Dolly's two.
 Would you like that if you were us,
 And both of us were you?"



"It 's very trying when mama
 Can't tell us two apart.
 You 'd think by this time she 'd have grown
 To know us both by heart!
 But in our pictures even we
 Are n't sure which twin is who.
 Oh, how we wish that you were us
 And both of us were you!"



THE "CO. 101" "IT FEELS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE."

THE BUTTER BETTY BOUGHT.

BETTY BOTTA bought some butter ;
“ But,” said she, “ this butter ’s bitter !
If I put it in my batter
It will make my batter bitter.
But a bit o’ better butter
Will but make my batter better.”

So she bought a bit o’ butter
Better than the bitter butter.
Made her bitter batter better.
So ’t was better Betty Botta
Bought a bit o’ better butter.
C. H.



ROUNDING THE CURVE



AUTUMN WORK.

BONFIRE SONG.

IN autumn, when the year is old,	When all the world is crisp and
And when the leaves, all brown and	cool,
gold,	We hurry homeward after school,
By careless winds whirled round and	And pile the leaves up higher and
round,	higher,
Lie thick upon the frosty ground ;	To build a jolly, roaring fire.

What fun to see it burn and glow!
To heap on leaves, and puff, and
blow;

To let it smolder down, and then
All quickly start it up again!

To hear it crackle with the heat;
To sniff the smoke that smells so
sweet;

Or sit, with elbows on our knees,
And watch the flames dance in the
breeze.

Though some prefer to search the
wood

For ripe brown nuts that taste so
good,

Though flying kite and playing ball,
And setting traps are pleasures, all,

This is the best of autumn's fun,
And lasts until November 's done;

I like to think her cold, dull days
Are brightened by our bonfire's
blaze.



A FIRST-OF-APRIL SHOWER—"OH, MY! IT 'S WAININ'!"

THE THRILLING STORY OF JOHNNY BUNN.

BY H. H. BENNETT.

JOHNNY BUNN was a little boy

Who did not like his



He 'd rather go to
catch a



With rod and line and



Away he 'd run, when school was
done,

Till far from any



Then by the stream he 'd sit and
dream,

As still as any



At last, one day, the bank gave
way

While Johnny watched his



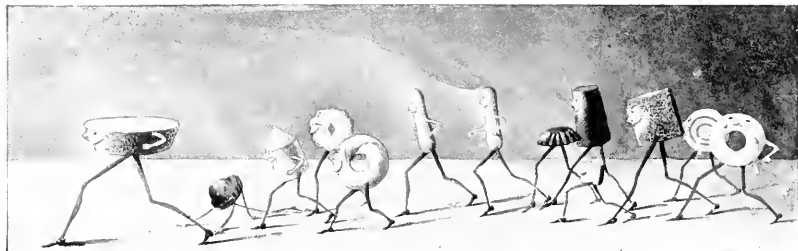
He nearly drowned; but he was
found

And rowed home in a



A CAKE-WALK.

SOME cakes go slowly, some go fast;
In fact I 'm sure they never last.
I never know which in the race
Most swiftly wins the foremost place;
But this I know: No cake is slow
When Billy sees it—and says "Oh-h!"



FOR VERY LITTLE FOLKS.

TOBY AND TRIP.



I.

TOBY AND TRIP MEANT TO BE GOOD,
BUT WHEN PUSSY YOWLED—WHAT P PVA DO, COULD?



III.

THUS AS THEY HOPED TO SEIZE THEIR PREY,
AN LOON LOST CAME IN THEIR WAY



II.

AWAY THEY DASH! NOW, PUSSY, RUN—
OR YOU 'LL PAY DEAR FOR YOUR LITTLE FUN!



IV.

WITH RIBBON TORN AND IN DISGRACE,
THEY START FOR HOME. HOW SAD EA II FACE!

WHAT THE PARROT TAUGHT THE LITTLE GIRL.

PECKY was just a poor poll parrot, with nothing of his own but his pretty gray feathers and sharp beak, that could bite little fingers when they came too near his cage; and yet this same Pecky taught Katie Scott a very useful lesson. When he was first brought home, Katie was just the happiest little girl! "Mama!" she cried. "Mama, please, he must be placed where he can see Libbie and Mary play croquet!"

Libbie and Mary lived next door, and when the weather was fine the three friends — Katie, Libbie, and Mary — used to have fine games on the lawn between the two houses.

There were four friends when Pecky came, for he was put close by the window, where he could see the fun. Before long he learned many new words. He would cry, "Croquet her away! Take care, Katie! I have won! Ha! ha! ha!" And he could laugh louder than any of them. They thought there never was such a wonderful pet.

Katie told her mama it was "just the *cunningest*, nicest little polly in the world." So it was; and Katie was one of the nicest little girls in the world when she could have what she wanted; but sometimes little people want what is not good for them. One day, at dinner, mama said:

"You can't have any more melon, Katie dear; it will make you ill!"

I hope none of the little girls and boys who read this would do as Katie Scott did — I am really sorry to have to tell it. She threw herself on the floor, and kicked and screamed so loudly that Libbie and Mary, who were playing outside, heard her.

"What is that noise?" asked Mary.

"Oh!" said Libbie, "it is just Katie Scott — *cry-baby!*"

Libbie did not know that she was heard, but such was the case. Mr. Pecky had two little sharp ears open, and turning one up and then the other, he walked up and down, chuckling to himself, as much as to say: "I guess I know what *that* means!" And then he cried softly, imitating Katie's voice: "Boo, hoo! Boo, hoo, hoo!"

He did not forget it for a whole week, and I am glad to say that, for a while, his little mistress was a perfectly good girl.

But there came a day — a damp, cold day — when mama said there could be no croquet. Katie forgot that she was trying to be good, and, lying down near Pecky's perch, screamed like a very naughty child.

Pecky thought so, I know. He watched her some time, then jumped down to the floor of his cage, crying: "Boo-o-o-o! Boo, hoo! Boo-o-o-o!" Katie very quickly stopped crying, peeped up at him, and ran out of the room, very much ashamed. Mama and Aunt Jane laughed, and Pecky



thought: "I must have done something very funny. I'll just do it again! Oh, yes, I'll do it again!"

And he did it all that day, whenever any one came into the room.

When mama was putting Katie to bed that evening, a little voice whispered: "Mama, *won't* you make Pecky stop doing *that*?"

What do you think mama said? She whispered to Katie: "When Polly does not see any little girl doing so, I am sure he will forget it."

"Then I'll never do so any more!" said Katie. And she kept her word.

ONE OF "THE FINEST."

BY THEODOSIA PICKERING GARRISON.



"The nicest man I ever saw,"
Said little Nan to me,
"Is the one who stands outside our school
When we 're let out at three.

"He 's dressed just as the soldiers are;
He wears gold buttons, too;
And he stands up so proud and straight,
The way the soldiers do.

"He always says, 'Come, little kids,
I 'll take you 'cross street'; and
I guess 'cause I 'm the littlest girl
He always holds my hand.

"And all the cars and horses stop—
He 's so big they don't dare
To say 'Get up' and drive 'em on,
Because he 's standing there.

"He makes believe to chase the boys,
And shakes his fist, and then
He laughs and laughs, and they all come
A-scampering back again.

"Sometimes he pats me on the head
And says, 'Ho! little girl,
You going to wait till Christmas comes
To cut me off that curl?'

"And one time when it rained, the street
Was muddy, and I cried;
He picked me up and carried me
Right to the other side.

"The nicest man I ever saw,"
Said little Nan to me,
"Is the one who stands outside our school
When we 're let out at three."



Maud.

CONFIDENTIAL

Me.



BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

My little mistress Maud and me.
We 're dressed up every day for tea.
We look so sweet, you ought to see!

She has a frock all frills and things,
Her hair is curled in shiny rings,
And I 've a 'normous yellow bow,
And underneath my chin, you know,
A silver bell.

But — don't you tell!
Although we look so very well,
We 're miserable as we can be —
My little mistress Maud and me!

When all the comp'ny 's gone from tea,
And there is no one left to see
My little mistress Maud and me,
They take our bows and frills away,
And tell us we may go and play.
We are not pretty any more,
And stylish, as we were before.

I have no bell;

But — don't you tell!
Although we *don't* look very well,
We 're just as glad as we can be —
My little mistress Maud and me!





THE LITTLE BIRD THAT TELLS.

BY MARY WHITE.

HE cocked his head upon one side,—	On crowded streets, on boats, in parks,
This funny little bird,—	From wires up in the air.
And this is what I heard him say	
(Or what I thought I heard) :	“I quickly fly and carry them
	To where some gossip dwells.
“A common English sparrow ’s what	In short, my dear, you see in me
You think me, I suppose!	‘The Little Bird that Tells’!”
If so, you ’re much mistaken;	
I ’m a bird that no one knows!	My train came in just then, and hid
	The little scamp from view ;
“My specialty is secrets;	But I have pondered what he said,
I hear them everywhere —	And pass it on to you.

So if you 're telling secrets
To your cronies, and should spy
A sparrow hopping on the path,
Or on a tree near by,

Pray whisper low in Clara's ear,
And lower still in Nell's;
For what if he should prove to be
"The Little Bird that Tells"?



PLAYING THEATER



"BONNY WITCHES."



"WORKADAY FAIRIES."



BY TUDOR JENKS.

THE sentry stood before the throne,
So pompous, grim, and tall.
A little lad came strolling in,
So quiet, trim, and small.

"Come, come! Be off!" the sentry said;
"You can't stay here, you know.
I am the King's new body-guard.
Be off and don't be slow!"

The little lad stood all amazed,
As if he had not heard;

The little lad stood still and gazed
To hear the sentry's word.

"Be off, you dolt!" the sentry cried,
"And see you make no noise.
The King or Prince may soon be here —
They don't like little boys!"

"Oh, but you're wrong!" the child replied;
"The King, I know, loves me!
While I like little boys myself —
And I'm the Prince, you see."

A LITTLE SCHOOL-GIRL.

BY FRANCES BENT DILLINGHAM.

I 've just begun to go to school;
I 'm tired as can be,
I can't remember every rule—
How each one turns and sits and stands,
And how each one must fold her hands—
Each little girl like me.

But that is not the worst to tell:
I 'd like to have you see
The lots of words we have to spell.
There 's hundreds we must learn by heart.
Grown folks forget they 're much more smart
Than little girls like me.

The world is spread out big and wide,
With rivers, land, and sea,
And hard long names on every side.
(The maps are pink and blue and brown.)
We just supposed there was our town—
The little girls like me.

There 's books and books and books to read!
We study history.
You would n't think there 's any need
To have so many lessons more
'Bout things we never heard before—
The little girls like me.

My teacher says she thinks I may
Learn even more than she
If I will study every day.



Of course there 's many things to know,
But she says all wise ladies grow
From little girls like me.



All wise ladies grow from little girls like me.

JAMIE'S RABBITS.

THESE rabbits belong to little Jamie, who lives in the city almost all the year. A year ago last winter he was very sick, and, when spring came, his mama took him to the country on a farm, so that he might grow well and strong.

The old farmer was very fond of Jamie, and one day brought home a large basket with a handle at the middle and a lid at each side of the handle.

All the folks soon came around to see what was in the basket, but the farmer said that Jamie must have the first look. Then he set the basket down on the floor, and told Jamie to lift up the lids, and what he should see he could have for his very own!

Jamie took a peep with great care, and what do you think he saw? Why, two lovely bunnies—one all black and the other all white, and the white one had pink eyes! Jamie was so glad that he let fall the lids at once and gave a cry of joy. Then he jumped up and down and clapped his hands, and put his arms about the old farmer's neck and gave him a good hug and a kiss. After that he took the bunnies to show them to his mama, and she was glad too, and kissed him, and said he must take great care of them and be kind to them.

Before very long the old farmer made a small house, or hutch, to keep the rabbits in, and he and Jamie fed them day by day. They were fond of carrots and turnips and cabbage, and Jamie would go with the farmer into the garden and get these things, and put them in a little basket and take them to the hutch.

Soon the rabbits knew it was meal-time when they saw Jamie come with the basket, and then they would prick up their long ears, and look as if they would like to be polite and say, "Thank you!"

One day Jamie found them just as you see them in the picture. There was a strange doll with them in the hutch, but he did not know who had put it there. The rabbits did not feel quite safe with the doll. Blackie feared it might hurt, so he kept behind his friend, out of harm's way. Whitey eyed the doll a long time, as if he hoped it might at last prove to be good to eat.

The doll was bald, but he did not look old or worn by care. He did not seem to mind the rabbits at all. If he had known how hungry they were, he might have wished to run off, and not stay there and smile, and hang his head and arms and legs in that loose way.

Jamie loved his little bunnies very much, and when the time came for him to leave them and go back to the city, he was very, very sorry. But his mama said her little boy could go to them again next summer, and the old farmer said he would do his best for them through the winter.



So Jamie tried not to fret. He is a good boy, and deserves to have pretty bunnies, for he takes fine care of them.

And—what do you think? Three weeks ago Jamie was taken to the country to see his bunnies, and he will stay with them till cold weather comes again!



I.

On the bright tiling they stand,
 My friends on the battered Delft plate,
 And out on the window-framed land
 Blue windmills are whirling in state.
 Her knitting has dropped from her lap;
 Puss anxiously watches its trail—
 The little Dutch girl with her muslin cap,
 And the cat with a twist in its tail.

II.

Sometimes in Dreamland she smiles,
 And I climb to the little blue room,
 And play with the girl on the tiles,
 While the kitten goes chasing a broom.
 And when I awaken, mayhap,
 They will toss me a glance from their nail—
 The little Dutch girl with her muslin cap,
 And the cat with a twist in its tail.

III.

If ever I go to the land
 Where Dutch people fish and make cheese,
 Where wooden shoes trudge o'er the sand,
 And windmills grow thicker than trees,
 I'll search every place on the map,
 And hunt in each village and vale,
 For the little Dutch girl with her muslin cap,
 And the cat with a twist in its tail.







THE THREE LITTLE PETS OF A COUNTESS.

CHICKADEES.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

BLACKCAP, madcap!
Never tired of play,
What 's the news to-day?
"Faint-heart, faint-heart!
Winter 's coming up this way;
And the winter comes to stay!"

Blackcap, madcap!
Whither will you go,
Now the storm-winds blow?
"Faint-heart, faint-heart!
In the pine-boughs, thick and low,
There is shelter from the snow!"

Blackcap, madcap!
In the snow and sleet,
What have you to eat?
"Faint-heart, faint-heart!
Seeds and berries are a treat,
When the frost has made them sweet!"

Blackcap, madcap!
Other birds have flown
To a sunnier zone!
"Faint-heart, faint-heart!
When they're gone we blackcaps own
Our white playground all alone!"



"BLACKCAP, MADCAP! NEVER TIRED OF PLAY."

THE HOUSE THAT JILL BUILT.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.



THIS is the *House* that Jill built.



THIS is the *Doll* that lived in the House that Jill built.

THIS is the *Tree* of a dusky shade that gave the Wood that heated the Oven that baked the Cake that fed the Doll that lived in the House that Jill built.



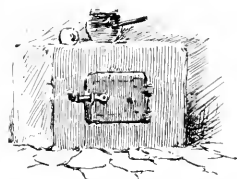
THIS is the *Cake*



that fed the Doll that lived in the House that Jill built.



THIS is the *Ax* with a shining blade that chopped the Tree of a dusky shade that gave the Wood that heated the Oven that baked the Cake that fed the Doll that lived in the House that Jill built.



THIS is the *Oven* that baked the Cake that fed the Doll that lived in the House that Jill built.

THIS is the *Wood* that heated the Oven that baked the Cake that fed the Doll that lived in the House that Jill built.



THIS is the *Woodman* sober and staid who slung the Ax with a shining blade that chopped the Tree of a dusky shade that gave the Wood that heated the Oven that baked the Cake that fed the Doll that lived in the House that Jill built.





This is the *Horse* that pranced and neighed when he saw the Woodman sober and staid who slung the Ax with a shining blade that chopped the Tree of a dusky shade that gave the Wood that heated the Oven that baked the Cake that fed the Doll that lived in the House that Jill built.



This is the *Knight* with the red cockade who rode on the Horse that pranced and neighed when he saw the Woodman sober and staid who slung the Ax with a shining blade that chopped the Tree of a dusky shade that gave the Wood that heated the Oven that baked the Cake that fed the Doll that lived in the House that Jill built.



This is the *Lady* in gay brocade who followed the Knight with the red cockade who rode on the Horse that pranced and neighed when he saw the Woodman sober and staid who slung the Ax with a shining blade that chopped the Tree of a dusky shade that gave the Wood that heated the Oven that baked the Cake that fed the Doll that lived in the House that Jill built.



This is the *Glittering Cavalcade* that rode after the Lady in gay brocade who followed the Knight with the red cockade who rode on the Horse that pranced and neighed when he saw the Woodman sober and staid who slung the Ax with a shining blade that chopped the Tree of a dusky shade that gave the Wood that heated the Oven that baked the Cake that fed the Doll that lived in the House that Jill built.

This is the *Donkey* who loudly brayed at sight of the Glittering Cavalcade that rode after the Lady in gay brocade who followed the Knight with the red cockade who rode on the Horse that pranced and neighed when he saw the Woodman sober and staid who slung the Ax with a shining blade that chopped the Tree of a dusky shade that gave the Wood that heated the Oven that baked the Cake that fed the Doll that lived in the House that Jill built.



This is the *King* who was much dismayed to hear the Donkey who loudly brayed at sight of the Glittering Cavalcade that rode after the Lady in gay brocade who followed the Knight with the red cockade who rode on the Horse that pranced and neighed when he saw the Woodman sober and staid who slung the Ax with a shining blade that chopped the Tree of a dusky shade that gave the Wood that heated the Oven that baked the Cake that fed the Doll that lived in the House that Jill built.



A DISTURBING VISIT.

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES.

SAID Tommy:

"If Bobby had n't come over to-day,

To play,

There were lots of things I was going to do:

Study an hour or two;

And get through

With that book I was reading;

And the flower-bed needed weeding;

And there were some errands to be run;

And some jobs to be done.

But I did n't do a single one

Of these things, for, you see,

Bobby—he

Did come over to-day,

So I *had* to play."

SAID Bobby:

"If I had n't gone over to Tommy's to-day,

To play,

I suppose I would now have been through

The things I had to do:

The lawn needed raking;

And there was the doll-house I was making

For Polly; and my cap, which is some-
where around,

Should have been found;

And my express-wagon needed mending.

But the things I should have been attending

To—I did n't do,

For I *did* go over to Tommy's to-day,

So I *had* to play."

THE CRY-BA-BY.

FRED is a lit-tle boy, but a great cry-ba-by. He cries in the morn-ing, he cries at noon, he cries at night. He cries when he is washed, when he is dressed, and when his hair is combed. He cries when he goes to school, and when he goes to bed. He cries be-cause his milk is hot, and be-cause his toast is cold; be-cause his jack-et is too old, and be-cause his boots are too new. It is queer how much Fred finds to cry a-bout.

One day he went to see his Aunt Ma-ry. She gave him a nice thick piece of gin-ger-bread. She thought that would make him smile. Oh, no! it made him cry. He just o-pened his mouth to take a bite, and then burst out with a loud "boo, hoo!"

"Why, what is the mat-ter?" said Aunt Ma-ry.

"This gin-ger-bread is too high up!" cried Fred.

"There, there! What a sil-ly boy," said Aunt Ma-ry. "Hark! I hear mu-sic. The sol-diers are com-ing! Let us look out and see them go by," said the kind aunt-y.

She put Fred up in a chair at the win-dow, and he saw the sol-diers march by, and heard the mu-sic; and all the time he munched a-way at the gin-ger-bread that was "too high up." By the time the last sol-dier had passed, the gin-ger-bread was all gone.

"Now Fred is a good lit-tle boy," said Aunt Ma-ry. But all at once he be-gan to cry a-gain. "Oh, dear! what is it now?" said aunt-y. "What are you cry-ing a-bout this time?"

"Boo, hoo! boo, hoo!" roared Fred. "I can't 'mem-ber what I cried a-bout be-fore the mu-sic came. Boo, hoo! boo, hoo!"

Aunt Ma-ry put on Fred's cap and took him home, and called the fam-i-ly to-ge-ther.

"What are you go-ing to do with this boy?" she cried. "He cries all the time."

"Let us all laugh at him ev-cr-y time he cries," said ma-ma.

"That will make too much noise," said pa-pa. "I think I'll get him the place of town-cri-er, and let him earn his liv-ing by cry-ing."

"He can be a news-boy, and cry news-pa-pers," said lit-tle Mol-ly.

"We might make a great dunce-cap, with CRY-BA-BY print-ed on it in big let-ters, and make him wear it all the time he cries," said Sis-ter Sue. "That would make him a-shamed."

"What do you say, Char-ley?" said Aunt Ma-ry.

"Set him up in the park for a drink-ing foun-tain, and let streams of wa-ter come out of his eyes all the time!" said Char-ley.

"Well," said aunt-y, "I hard-ly know which is the best plan; but some-thing must be done, or Fred will nev-er grow to be a man!"

BERTHA AND THE BIRDS.

LIT-TLE Ber-tha stood at the win-dow, one morn-ing in win-ter, when there came a flock of snow-birds and lit on the tree and bush-es in the yard.

"Oh, you poor lit-tle bird-ies! You have no one to give you any-thing to eat. I'll get you some nice crumbs."

So she ran to ma-ma, who gave her bread-crumbs and let her throw them out-doors. She was much pleased to see the birds eat, but soon saw some-thing that made her feel ver-y bad-ly.

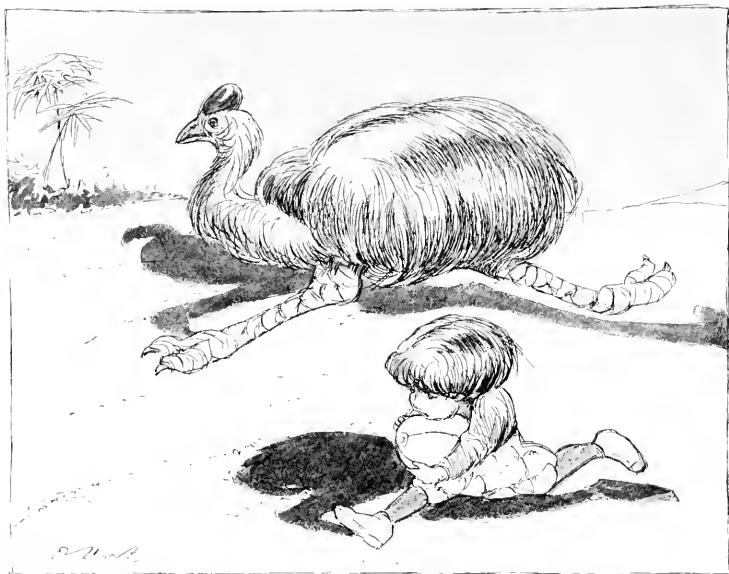
"Oh, how cold your poor lit-tle feet must be! I'll give you my dol-lies' shoes and stock-ings — so I will!"

And away she went to find them.

But when she came back the bird-ies were all gone.

Ma-ma told her that the Good Fa-ther had so made their lit-tle feet that they were in no need of such things to keep them warm. And then good lit-tle Ber-tha was quite hap-py a-gain.





JOHN PLAYS FOOT-BALL, AND SISTER MARY SAYS THAT HE LOOKS LIKE A CASSOWARY!
AND WHEN HE ASKED, "WHAT'S A CASSOWARY?" "A QUEER BIG BIRD," SAID SISTER MARY.

A BUTTERFLY GIRL.

BY OLIVER HERFORD.

THEY tell me I
Am like (oh, my!
I wonder why?)
A butterfly!

I cannot fly!
No wings have I.
And butterflies
They are not wise
As *I*, who say
My A B C

(As far as K)
Fast as can be!

I cannot see,
I cannot guess,
How it can be,
Unless — unless —
It's 'cause — why, yes!
He, too, like me,
Loves so to press
His little nose
Into a rose.



A Butterfly Girl



“TONY’S ” LETTER.

PETER was a funny little boy, who had a dog named “Tony.” This dog was all covered with long shaggy hair, which hung down over his eyes and his mouth, and made him look very wise. But Tony was not as wise as he looked, and he did not know as much as little Peter thought he knew.

Peter was only three years old. He did not know all the alphabet, but he knew what letters spelled his own name.

Peter was very fond of what he called “writing letters.” He would scribble all over a piece of paper, and then fold it up, and get his sister Emily to write on it the name of one of the family, or else one of the neighbors. Then Peter would carry it to that person; and he very often got a written answer, which Emily would read to him. Sometimes these answers had candy in them, which pleased Peter very much.

One day Peter wrote a long letter to his dog Tony. When he gave it to him, Tony took it in his mouth and carried it to the rug in front of the fire in the sitting-room. There he laid it down and put his nose to it. Then he laid himself down, with his head on the letter, and shut his eyes. He was sleepy, and he found that the letter was not good to eat.

Peter was very glad to see Tony do this, for he thought he had read the letter and was thinking what he should say when he answered it.

So little Peter said, “Tony shall write me an answer to my letter,” and he ran into his grandma’s room to ask for a pencil. She was not there, but on the table there was some paper and an inkstand with a quill pen in it. His grandma always used a quill pen.

So Peter took a big sheet of paper and the inkstand with the pen in it. Then he saw his grandma’s spectacles on the table, and he thought he would take these too, as Tony might write better if he had spectacles on.

Peter waked Tony, who was fast asleep by this time, and made him hold his head up. Peter put the spectacles on Tony, and laid the paper before him. Then he set the inkstand down, close to his right paw.

“Now, Tony,” said Peter, “you must write me a letter.”

Tony looked at the little boy, but he did not take the pen.

“There, Tony!” said Peter. “There’s the ink and the pen. Don’t you see them?” And he pushed the inkstand against Tony’s paw.

The dog gave the inkstand a tap with his paw, and over it went.

“Oh!” cried Peter. “You naughty dog! Upsetting grandma’s ink-

stand!" And he picked up the inkstand as quickly as he could. Some of the ink had run out on the paper, but none of it had gone on the carpet.

Peter took off Tony's spectacles and drove him away; and then, with what he called the "tail" of the quill pen (by which he meant the feather end), he spread the ink about on the paper.

Then he took the paper up by a corner, and carried it to his mother.

"Mama," said he, "see the letter Tony wrote to me. He upset the inkstand, but none of the letter runned off on the carpet!"

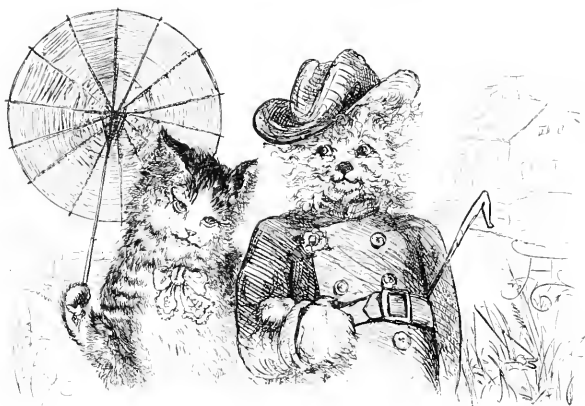
Tony never wrote another letter, and that was the last time that little Peter meddled with his grandma's pen and ink.



POLLY AND HER DOLLIES.

POLLY is reading aloud to her dollies
An interesting tale from her favorite book;
But her dollies soon found it too deep,

And have quietly fallen asleep,
As Polly would see
If she were not too busy to look!



THE cat and dog resolved to be good,
Truly kind and forgiving.
"What 's the use," they sweetly said,
"Of such unpleasant living?"

So Pussy took her dear Tray's arm,
And out they sallied over the farm;
And all who saw them laughed with glee,
And wondering said, "Can such things be?"

JOHN BOTTLEJOHN.

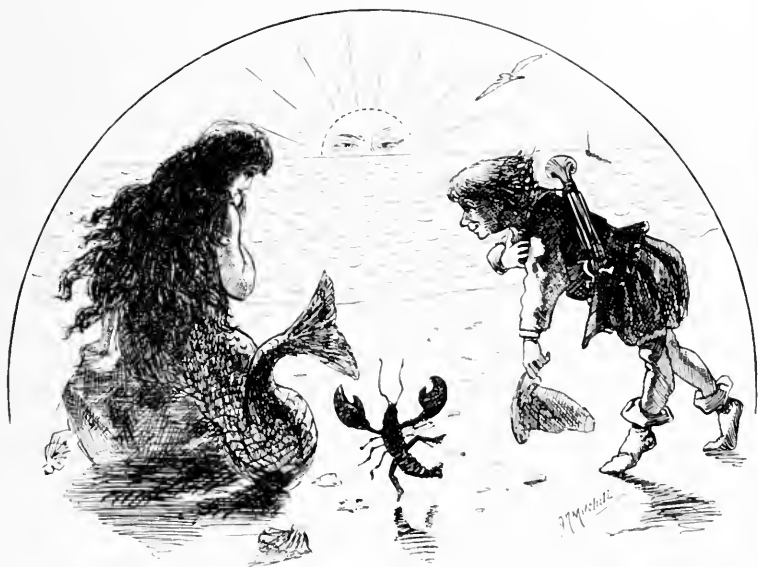
BY LAURA F. RICHARDS.

LITTLE John Bottlejohn lived on the hill,
And a blithe little man was he;
And he won the heart of a little mermaid
Who lived in the deep blue sea.
And every evening she used to sit
And sing on the rocks by the sea:
"Oh, little John Bottlejohn! pretty John Bottlejohn!
Won't you come out to me?"

Little John Bottlejohn heard her song,
And he opened his little door;
And he hopped and he skipped, and he skipped and he hopped,
Until he came down to the shore.

And there on a rock sat the little mermaid,
And still she was singing so free :
“ Oh, little John Bottlejohn! pretty John Bottlejohn!
Won't you come out to me ? ”

Little John Bottlejohn made a bow,
And the mermaid she made one, too,
And she said : “ Oh, I never saw anything half
So perfectly sweet as you !



In my beautiful home 'neath the ocean foam
How happy we both should be !
Oh, little John Bottlejohn! pretty John Bottlejohn !
Won't you come down with me ? ”

Little John Bottlejohn said : “ Oh, yes,
I 'll willingly go with you ;
And I never will quail at the sight of your tail,
For perhaps I may grow one, too.”
So he took her hand, and he left the land,
And he plunged in the foaming main :
And little John Bottlejohn, pretty John Bottlejohn,
Never was seen again.

GRANDMA'S NAP.

BY M. M. D.

ONE day grand-ma went to sleep in her chair, and it near-ly turned the town up-side down. It was only a lit-tle bit of a nap, but oh, how much trou-ble it made!

You see, be-sides the nap, there was a lit-tle boy in the house. This lit-tle boy's name was Rob, and Rob was so hard to watch that when his ma-ma went out she used to say:

"Grand-ma, *do* you think you can watch Rob while I go to mar-ket?"

Then grand-ma would give a lit tle jump and say:

"Oh, of course I can."

So this day ma-ma went to mar-ket, and grand-ma watched Rob as hard as she could till the NAP came!



As soon as Rob saw the nap, he knew he was free, and off he ran.

In a mo-ment grand-ma woke up and saw the emp-ty room.

"Sakes a-live!" she cried, as she ran out in-to the hall. "Where is that child?"

He was not in the hall, nor in the yard, nor any-where a-bout the house. Oh! oh! oh! where could he be?



The poor old la-dy was sure she nev-er would see the dear boy a-gain. In her fright she looked in the beds, un-der the beds, in the pan-try, in the coal-scut-tle, in the ice-pitch-er, and even in the crack-er-box. Then she ran out to a po-lice-man, and told him all a-bout it.



"Mad-am," said the po-lice-man, "it is not like-ly he can be found. I think he is gone for good. But we 'll send a cri-er all over the town."

So the cri-er went all over the town with a big bell, screaming:

"Hear! Hear! Boy lost, named Rob—black eyes,

pug nose. Boy lost! boy lost!" (*Ding-dong!*) "Boy lost, three years old!" (*Ding-dong!*)



The cri-er made such a noise that if Rob had screamed out "Here I am!" right un-der his nose, he would not have heard it; or if all the men on the street had called, "Stop that bell—here's Rob, safe and sound," it would have been just the same. He would have gone on ring-ing the bell and scream-ing at the top of his voice, "Boy lost! boy lost!"

But Rob was not un-der the boy's nose at all. Where was he?

Poor grand-ma was al-most cra-zy by this time. She ran into the yard with a kind man and looked down the well.

"Rob-by! Rob-by, my darling! are you there? Come to grand-ma, my pet. Oh! oh!"



Then she ran back in-to the street, and there he was with an or-gan man!

Grand-ma was sure it was Rob, from the way he hopped a-bout. But no. When she put on her glasses it was not Rob at all—only a mon-key!

By this time near-ly the whole town knew that Rob was lost. Such a time you nev-er heard. All the grand-mas cried and said it was very wrong to take a nap when you were watch-ing a child like that; and all the lit-tle boys thought how nice it would be to live with Rob's grand-ma. The pa-pas went to the sta-tion-house to in-quire; the ma-mas ran to mar-ket to tell Rob's ma-ma; and the news-boys ran all o-ver town with "ex-tras," crying, "Boy lost! boy lost!"

When Rob's ma-ma heard the bad news, she ran home as fast as she could go.

"Rob-by! Rob-by!" she called up and down the house. "Rob-by! Rob-by!" But no one an-swered. Then she turned pale, and grand-ma said "Don't faint;



that 's a good child." When all at once the poor ma-ma clasped her hands and said: "He must be killed! If he were a-live he would hear me. I know he must be dead, or else—or else—he is eating jam!"



She flew to the cel-lar, where all the good things were kept. Grand-ma hob-bled after her, quite tired out; then fol-lowed the police-man, the cri-er, and the cook. And there, down in the cel-lar, just as hap-py as he could be, sat Rob—eat-ing jam!

He was so hap-py that he did not know that his grand-ma was a-wake; and grand-ma was so glad that she went up-stairs and took the nicest lit-tle nap she ev-er had in all her life.

THE PAPER HOUSE.

BY HARRIET MCLEAR.

If you were in our nursery, you 'd see the greatest fun,
Because it is the place where all the nicest things are done.
But best of all the times we have upon our nurs'ry floor
Is when we make a paper house and pin it to the door.

When mother was a little girl, she made them then—just think!
And she knows how to cut them out—why, quicker than a wink;
You ought to see the scissors fly and snip and turn and quirl—
But they made the papers larger when she was a little girl.

She folds the paper up, and cuts the attic first of all,
And then the scissors fly along and make the chimneys tall.
Four slits for door and window up above—they must be cut
In half again between the slits; they open then and shut.

The front steps—they are easy—you can see how they're cut out;
And then she folds again, and cuts the windows all about.
And when she spreads the paper out, and opens windows wide,
And pins it up—what fun it is when we can look inside!

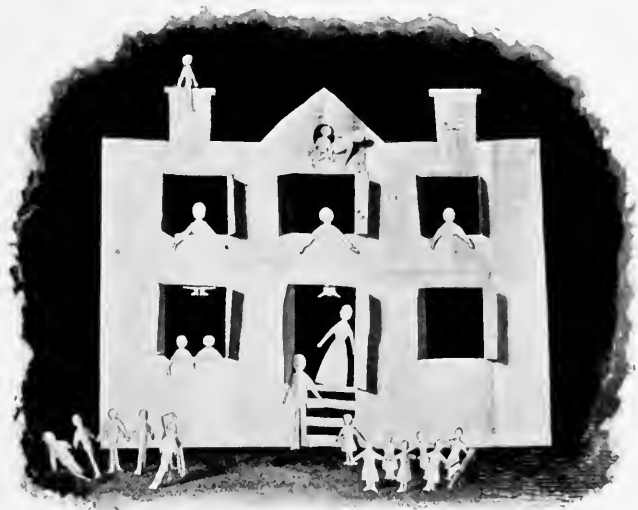
And then we cry: "The Family!" and mother laughs and takes
The scissors up again, and oh, what lively folk she makes!
The children have the bestest times, and first they always go
And hang far out on window-sills, and nobody says no.

Their feet *will* come below the floor sometimes—that has to be;
But mother says no matter, just pretend that you don't see.
The father is a nice tall man—right by the steps he stands;
He's watching his eight "middling" boys all standing joining hands.

The mother's looking from the door, as pleased as she can be;
Her little girls are playing "ring-a-rosy"—you can see.
She thinks they're having so much fun, she'll never make them stop—
(She does n't know her littlest boy is on the chimney-top!)

And at the attic window her two other little boys
Are hanging out and having fun, without a bit of noise.
They know how to hold on quite tight, so we don't think they'll fall,
And really they are having just the nicest time of all.

Her houses, mother says, all used to be three stories high;
They make the papers smaller now—she can't imagine why,
For they really have more in them—but we think they just don't know
How many little boys and girls would like to have them grow.



Down the path and up the lane,
And through the neighbor's gate,
Oh people going out to dine
Should never start too late



Jingle.

By G. G. Wiederseim.

Papa's a-riding away to town
To buy my mama a beautiful
gown
With laces and ruffles and rib-
bons of red,
And a dear little bonnet to put
on her head.



A LITTLE girl,
Quite well and hearty,
Thought she 'd like
To give a party.

But as her friends
Were shy and wary,
Nobody came
But her own canary.

DID YOU?

DID you ev-er go on sun-ny days the pret-ty flow-ers to pull,
And, kneel-ing in the mead-ow, fill your lit-tle a-pron full?

DID you ev-er see the dai-sies shine, and hear the bird-ies start,
Till you some-times found it hard to tell the flow-ers and song a-part?

AND did you ev-er feel the breeze steal light-ly to your cheek,
As if it loved you ver-y much and had a word to speak?

WELL, if you have known all these things so beau-ti-ful and wild,
I 'm sure the birds and flow-ers and breeze have known a hap-py child.

DAFFYDOWNDILLY.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

THE Little Lady can hardly finish her supper, she is so sleepy; but she seems to wake up a good deal while she is being undressed, and there are a number of things that she wishes to talk about.

"Now I 'll say my prayers," she begins, as her little gown is settled into place and buttoned. "Is it cold, Mama? Is it too cold to say 'm outside? Is it, Mama?"

"I guess not, dear."

The Little Lady kneels with folded hands and says her prayers for a brief moment. Then she scrambles into bed in a way that would never make you think she was sleepy. Mama lies down by her.

"Knock on my door, Mama; knock on my door, and see 'f I 'm in!"

Then Mama knocks on the headboard, and finds that the Little Lady is "in," and that she is "quite well."

"Do it again, Mama. Knock on my door again, and see 'f I 'm in!"

"No, no. Go to sleep now!"

"She is n't sleepy! Little girl is n't sleepy. Sing, Mama! Sing about Daffy! Daffydowndilly has come to town! What kind of a petticoat was it she had, Mama? Oh, yes, a white petticoat, and—what else did she have, Mama? What else did she have on?"

So Mama tells whatever she knows about Daffy's wardrobe, and the Little Lady thinks it over for a moment in silence.

"Oh, Mama!"

"Yes, dear."

"What's Papa doing?"

"Reading."

"What is he reading about? What do you s'pose? Papa, what you reading about?"

The Big Man outside mutters something, and turns a page of his paper.

"Mama, do lions bite?"

"No, no, dear," Mama replies hastily, in an absent-minded way.

"Don't they?—don't they?"—and the Little Lady stares at her in astonishment.

"Oh, yes, darling!—but not little girls."

Mama pats the little shoulder soothingly—

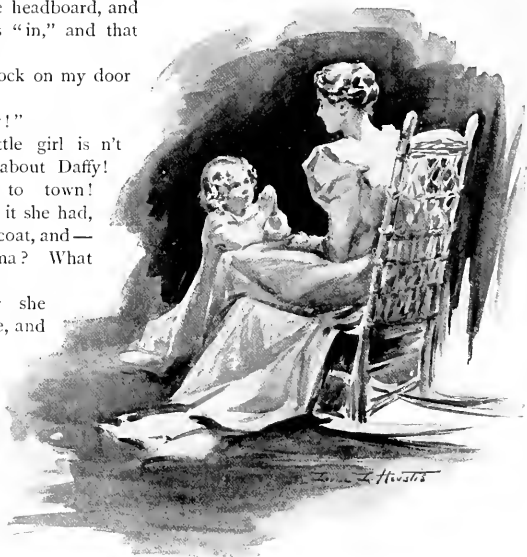
"Not little girls."

"Not little girls *ever*, Mama?—nor little boys?"

"No, no; not to-night. Nor little boys. Now lie down, dear. You were so sleepy, you know."

"Did I say my prayers, Mama? Did I say 'm?"

"Yes, dear."



"NOW I 'LL SAY MY PRAYERS."

"D' you want me to say 'm again? Shall I say 'm again, Mama?"

"Not to-night, sweetheart. Go to sleep now."

"I can count six, Mama. D' you want me to count? One, two, three, five, four, six!

down-daffy — has — come — to — town! Dilly-down-daffy! Daffydowndilly! Dill-y-down-daffy! Daffydowndilly! Mama, I want a drink, mama! I 'm firsty."

The Big Man brings the water, and says something about a little girl not being very sleepy,



"WHAT IS HE READING ABOUT?"

Mama, when was it the frog went a-wooing? Daffydowndilly! Daffydowndilly has come to town! Daffydowndilly! Daffydowndilly! Daffydown —"

Everything is still for at least a minute, and the tired Mama turns down the light. She begins to have hopes that Daffy has "run down" and stopped for the night. But the hope is a vain one and the silence is soon broken. Daffy has only made a little discovery, and is thinking it over.

"Dilly-down-daffy!" she says gaily. "Dill-y-

he thinks. The Little Lady drinks with a good deal of noise, and drops back on the pillow.

"I love you, Papa."

The Big Man can't leave just then. He reaches out and finds a little hand in the dark.

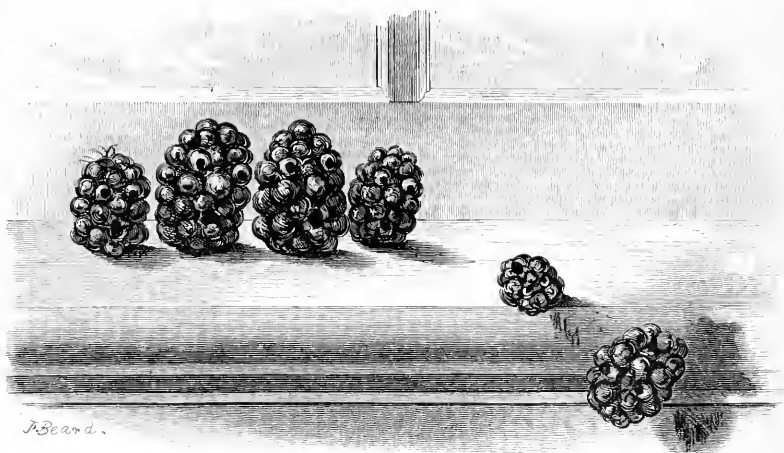
"Papa, do you know 'bout Daffydowndilly? Daffydowndilly! Dill-y-down-daffy! Daff-y — down — dilly! Dill — y — down — Daff — y — dill — down —"

Daffy has run down at last. The Little Lady is sound asleep. God bless her!

A SHORT-LIVED FAMILY.

BY MARY L. B. BRANCH.

I HEARD little Gerty talking very earnestly over by the window-seat, and I looked around from my sewing just in time to see six as handsome blackberries as ever grew, standing in a group in the window. Gerty had grouped them. The two biggest and blackest were Mr. and Mrs. Jetty, and one that



did not stand straight was Aunt Maria Jetty. Then there were Bob and Tom; and the smallest blackberry, which kept rolling over, was the baby. Gerty did the talking for all of them. Tom seemed always to be a very naughty boy.

"I shall have to punish that boy!" said Mr. Jetty, sternly. "He never learns his lessons!"

"Oh, well," said Mrs. Jetty, "perhaps the lessons are too hard. Tom, what on earth are you doing now? Pinching the baby! Mr. Jetty, if you don't whip that boy, I will!"

Here Aunt Maria fell on the floor and was found to have fainted. Great

was the outcry among the Jettys, large and small, until she was lifted up and set on her feet again.

"Never — mind — me!" she said faintly. "Look at — the baby!"

Sure enough, the baby had rolled over and over till it was on the very edge of the sill. It was snatched up and handed to Bob to hold. Bob seemed to be a good boy; he sang "Rockaby, baby," all through, while Tom had his ears boxed for tittering.

Then Mr. Jetty said that the family ought to take a walk. They were all formed in a procession, the smallest being last. I watched them as they started off along the window-seat, the first one taking a step, then the next one, and so on. Then I bent my eyes upon my sewing again, but still I heard the play go on.

Presently in at the sitting-room door came little Susy Blake, a neighbor's child, to play an hour with Gerty. So Gerty told her all about the six blackberries, and what their names were, and what they were doing.

"Oh, that 's real fun," said Susy; "I can play that, too!"

So then both little girls went on with the sport, and made the Jetty family say and do all sorts of funny things. Aunt Maria kept fainting away, and the children made a good deal of trouble, so there was a constant excitement. Right in the midst of it Gerty's mama called from upstairs:

"Gerty, Gerty, come up here quick and try on your dress!"

"I 'll be right back in a minute, Susy," said Gerty, as she left the room. "You keep on playing till I come back."

So Susy kept on playing, and now she had to do all the talking for the Jetty family herself. They seemed to be having a great dispute about something, but one by one the voices of the younger ones were silenced. Something was said about their being put to bed. Finally it struck me that I had not heard Aunt Maria make any complaint for a good while. Mr. and Mrs. Jetty seemed to be having it all to themselves, till at last Mr. Jetty stopped as if tired out, and his wife had the last word.

"I did n't mean to be gone so long," said Gerty, who came back into the room at this moment. "I can't bear to try on dresses. Why — why — why, Susy Blake!"

And then she ran to me, crying.

"Oh, Cousin Mary," she sobbed, "she 's eaten them all up! Mr. Jetty, and Mrs. Jetty, and Aunt Maria, and Bob, and Tom, and the baby!"

I turned my eyes toward the window-seat. There was not a blackberry left to tell the tale. But Susy's lips were all stained with purple!

Three Little Bears



BY M. C. McNEILL.

(For Very Little Folks.)

THREE little bears came into the town.

"How do you do?" said everybody.

Their faces were smiling, with never a frown.

"How sweet!" said everybody.

The three little bears made three little bows.

"How very polite!" said everybody.

They bowed as boys bow
in dancing-school.

"What airs and what
grace!" said everybody.

One little bear had a little
red coat.

"How smart!" said every-
body.

One had a tippet all made of soft down.

"How cozy and warm!" said everybody.

And one was a fiddler of great renown.

"What charming music!" said everybody.

The three little bears began then to dance.

"How cute!" said everybody.

"What do you want, you little
black bears

With manners so nice?"
said everybody.

"I don't like to be a fool, so
I want to go to school."

Said the red-coated bear
to everybody.

Then Tommy Perkins, mak-
ing a bow,

Right in front of everybody.

Took down his book and his slate as well,
And began to explain to everybody

Just what the little black bears should do

To read and to cipher like everybody.

"Sit up quite straight, and mind your stops;
Say, 'A. B. C.' for everybody."

"A. B. C." said the three little bears.

All in one voice, to every-
body.

"A, B, C! What fiddle-dee-
dee!"

Was whispered aloud by
everybody.

"I want to count." said one
little bear.

"One! Two! Three! Four!" shouted
everybody.



"We're not at all deaf!" said the three
little bears.

"Oh! I beg your pardon!" said everybody.

"We'd like to learn manners." said the three
little bears;

"And we'd like to learn from everybody,
But every one has n't fine manners," they said.

"Some have very bad manners." said
everybody.



"What manners you have may be better than ours."

Said the three little bears to everybody:
"For we live in the wood—which no manners requires."

"Then how did you learn?" said everybody.

"For when you came in you were quite as polite

As Tommy Perkins," said everybody.

"You bowed and you danced, while we all sat entranced,

So sweet were the notes," said everybody.

"You wanted to learn to say, 'A. B. C.'"

Like good little bears," said everybody.

"And when we exclaimed, 'Such fiddle-dee-dee!'"

No notice you took," said everybody.

"And when we all shouted out, 'One! Two! Three! Four!'"

Instead of roaring," said everybody,



"You gently reminded us all that in school We must not be noisy," said everybody.

"If you won't teach us manners,

We're going back home."

Said the three little bears to everybody.

"For after the night falls it won't do to roam;
So we'll say our farewells to everybody."

Then they stood up and bowed, and held out their paws.

And shook hands all round with everybody.

"We'll dance all the way, for we know how to play,"

Said the three little bears to everybody.

"And with our best compliments we wish you good-day."

"Good-day, and good-luck!" said everybody.



MY BONNY BLUE BOWL AND SILVER SPOON.

WHAT do they bring me at morn and noon,

And what do they bring me at night?

A bonny blue bowl and a silver spoon,
All polished so smooth and so bright, so bright:

This do they bring me at morn and noon,
And this do they bring me at night.

What do I see in my bonny blue bowl

To eat with my silver spoon?

Crusty crumbs of a baker's roll,

And milk as white as the moon, the moon;

This do I find in my bonny blue bowl

To eat with my silver spoon.



A FOURTH-OF-JULY OUTING.

A KING.

BY ELLA MATTHEWS BANGS.

WE talked of kings, little Ned and I,
As we sat in the firelight's glow;
Of Alfred the Great, in days gone by,
And his kingdom of long ago.

Of Norman William, who, brave and stern,
His armies to victory led.
Then, after a pause: "At school we learn
Of another great man," said Ned.

"And this one was good to the oppressed,
He was gentle, and brave, and so

Was n't he greater than all the rest?
"T was Abraham Lincoln, you know."

"Was Lincoln a king?" I asked him then,
And in waiting for his reply
A long procession of noble men
Seemed to pass in the firelight by.

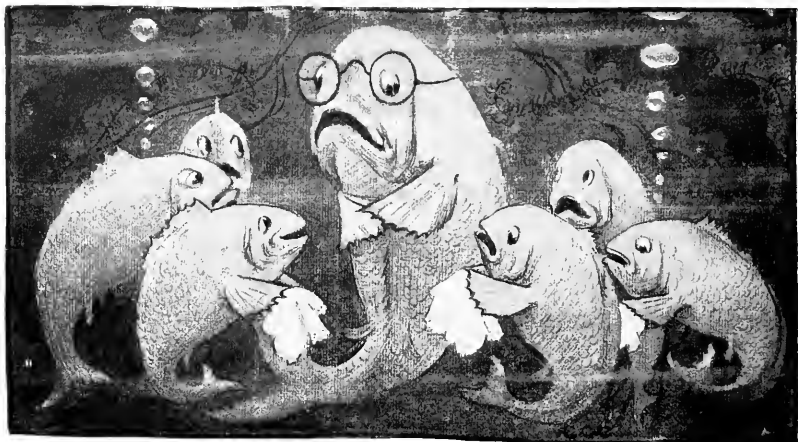
When, "No," came slowly from little Ned,
And thoughtfully; then with a start,
"He was n't a king—*outside*," he said,
"But a king he was in his heart."



THE men who tootle in the Band,
They look so big, and fierce, and grand,
That no one dares cry, "*Too much noise!*"
As people do to tootling boys.

Abbie Farwell Brown.

Geo. A. Williams 1912



THE LITTLE FISHES: "TEACHER, TEACHER, ALL THE REST OF THE SCHOOL HAVE BEEN CAUGHT IN A BIG NET!"

A Sleepy Little Story

BY LEONARD BRUEN.

ONE evening a little red Squirrel had just rolled himself up in his warm nest in the hollow of an old tree, when he heard a Bat, who always slept with his head hanging down and his feet up, say to a Stork, who was asleep standing on one long leg: "Do you know, you look very queer sleeping there on one leg?"

"Do I, indeed?" said the Stork, waking up. "Well, I wish you could see how odd *you* look when asleep, with your head where your feet should be! How do you sleep that way?"

"Ha, ha! Ho, ho." laughed an old Opossum, who was hanging from a limb by his tail. "I assure you, I am extremely comfortable in *this* restful position. Why," he continued,

"If I had a tail where my nose should be, As the Elephant has, as well as his mother, I'd hang like a hammock from tree to tree, And swing from one tail to the other.

And really, you have no idea how very soothing it is to hang by one's tail."

"Oh, my!" said a little fat Pig, "it's hard enough to have a long straight tail like yours, without being hung up by it." Then, curling his little tail tighter, he waddled off, with a scornful sniff and a grunt; and the Squirrel buried his nose in his bed, that they might not hear him laugh; but he made such queer noises trying to smother his laughter that the others, not knowing he was there, became alarmed.

The Stork, quickly putting his other leg down, cried: "What's that?" The Opossum unwound his tail, the Bat stood up on his feet, and both said: "Who's that? What's that?"

Then a little Echo fairy came bounding

stupid little Pig really wanting his tail curled up in that absurd fashion, when a nice straight tail like mine is so beautiful."

The Squirrel dived deep in his bed, shaking with laughter, for he could not help it.

Then the Owl stood before them, and said to the Opossum: "Of course we are quite dazzled by the beauty of your lovely straight tail, but, pray, remember,

"The Pig wears his tail in a twist instead, And the Bat is content to sleep on his head; So you see it's a matter of fashion and taste. You should never judge others in haste, in haste, You should never judge others in haste.

Still," said he, blinking very hard, "why any one in his right mind should want to sleep all night, when it's so much pleasanter to sleep in the daytime, I can't imagine."

The little Squirrel smiled, and, nestling down in his warm, comfortable bed, he crooned this contented little song:

"The Opossum may hang by his tail;
The Bat may sleep on his head;
The Stork may sleep on one leg on a rail;

But I sleep all night in a bed, a bed,
I sleep all night in a bed!"

And soon they were all fast asleep, except the Owl, who flew noiselessly away, and the little Echo fairy, who went off repeating in a sleepy voice:

"I sleep all night in a bed, a bed,
I sleep all night in a bed!"



THE OPOSSUM, OWL, BAT, STORK, AND PIG TALK OVER THE QUESTION.

along in cap and bells, repeating after them: "Who's that? What's that?" as he madly scurried away, until the woods echoed.

A wise old Owl, hearing him, went to see what was the matter. As he approached, he heard them talking, and listened.

"The idea," growled the Opossum, "of that



WHICH IS CAUGHT ?

WHICH is caught? Mousie or pussie? Ha, ha! Not mousie; for puss cannot move without setting him free. It is good to know that the little fellow is more frightened than hurt; for cats' rocking-chairs are very light. How vexed pussie is! She wishes she had never tried to sit in a rocking-chair and be like a grand lady. She cannot sit still much longer. Keep up your courage, mousie; there's a chance for you yet!

THE ADVENTURERS.

RALPH and Harry and Dick, these three
Resolved to travel by land and sea,
And Indians fight, and tigers slay,
And come back home for Christmas Day!

Ralph made ready his jack-knife bright;
Harry his bow and Chinese kite;
Dick had only a sword of wood,
But he sharpened it up as best he could.

They planned their pockets they first would cram
With bread and butter, and lots of jam;
And meet in the barn at two, about—
And how do you think it all turned out?

Ralph was caught at the gooseberry jar;
Harry was sent on an errand far;
And Dick (the terrible warlike chap!)
Fell fast asleep in his mother's lap!

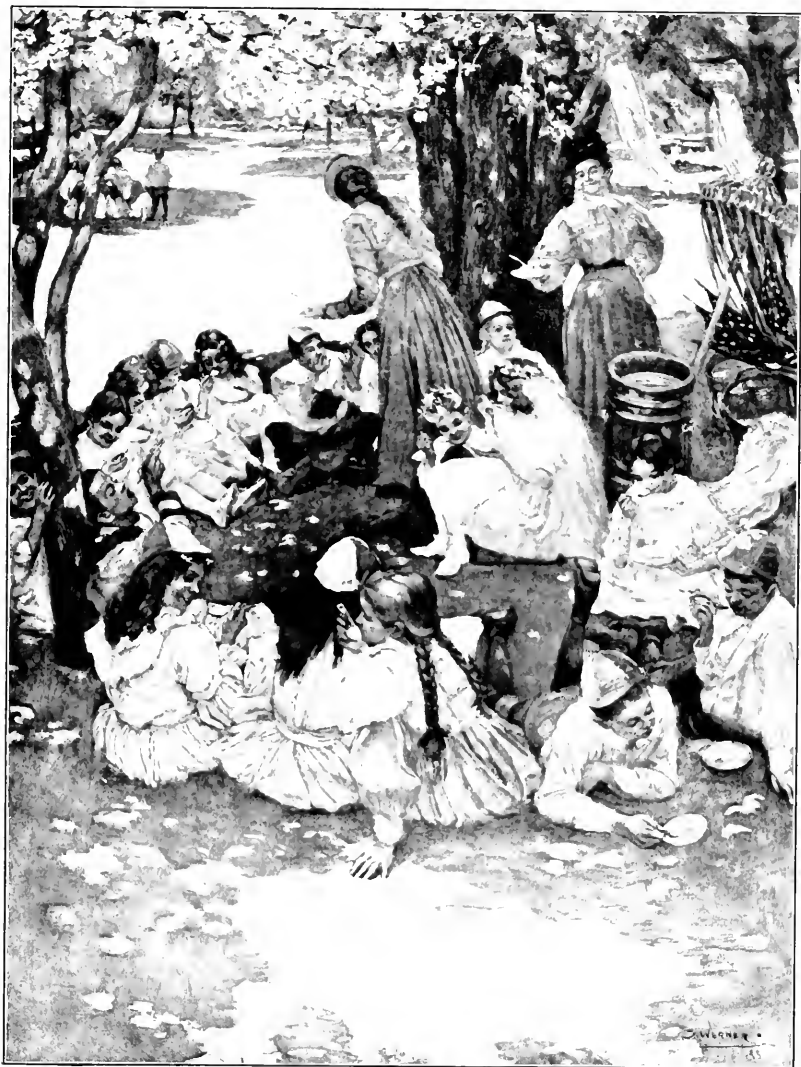
Edwin L. Sabin.



"GUESS WHICH HAND IT 'S IN AND YOU SHALL HAVE IT!"



AN APRIL DAY IN THE PARK.



A MAY DAY IN THE PARK.

AN UNFORTUNATE CALLER

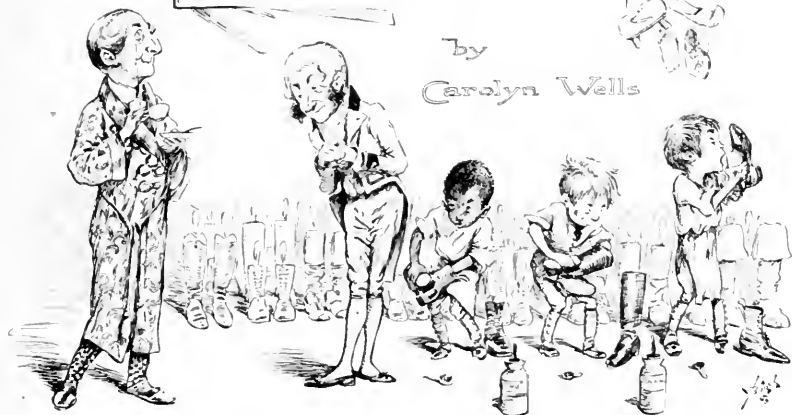


Alice Rawling
Went a-calling
On some friends
Both tried and true;
But she couldn't
Reach the door-bell,
And her kind friends
Never knew.

Then she visited
Some neighbors;
But she took them
Unawares.
They looked at her,
From the window,
But they wouldn't
Come down-stairs

A DILEMMA

by
Carolyn Wells



SIR LIONEL STUYVESANT PETER VON
TOOTS

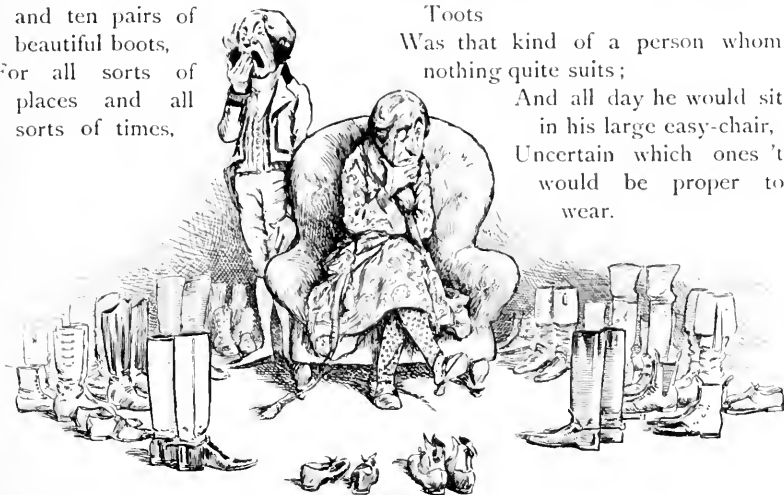
Had one hundred
and ten pairs of
beautiful boots,
For all sorts of
places and all
sorts of times,

For all sorts of ventures in all sorts
of climes.

Yet Sir Lionel Stuyvesant Peter von
Toots

Was that kind of a person whom
nothing quite suits;

And all day he would sit
in his large easy-chair,
Uncertain which ones 't
would be proper to
wear.



WHAT SANTA CLAUS SAYS.

"WELL," Santa Claus says, "this *is* handy, if queer;
And I own that it has n't once got out of gear —

For I 'm here!

But for steady old travelers, year after year,
I'll stick to my sleigh and my team of reindeer!"





A Chatterbox

Of To-Day.

I'm mighty glad I didn't live—
When Grandma was a child!

The dreadful way she had to
Would simply drive me ^{dress-}wild.



As for the way that she behaved—
I should not live a week,
If I were always made to wait—
Till told that I might
speak.



•MARY SIGSBEE KER•

IN THE PARK

BY ANNIE E. TYNAN



"Comment vous portez-vous, petite fille?"

Said the little girl in red.

But Marjorie shook her tousled curls,

And this is what she said,

With a clutch at her doll, and a witching smile,

And a hand on "Pepper's" coat the while:

"You speak that to me every day,

And I don't know what you want to say;

But I think, and Nurse says so does she,

Perhaps you 'd like to play with me."

C. H. Fowler

She held out one of her dolly's hands.

"Let's make her walk," she said.

"*Nous allons faire un petit tour,*"

Said the little girl in red.

So they walked and they played on the
sun-flecked road,

While one nurse nodded, and one nurse
sewed.

They opened a shop beneath a tree,

Where sand was sugar, and grass was tea.

And the housewife bought and the shop-
man sold

With leaves for greenbacks and stones for
gold.



"*Il fait beau temps, n'est-ce pas, monsieur ?*"

Said the lady gowned in red.

The shopman never was puzzled a bit ;

"*Two dozens of eggs, you said ?*"

Oh, the brown dog barked till his throat
was hoarse,

For he came from France, and he knew,
of course,

That the customer merely meant to say

To the man in the shop, "It 's a very
fine day."

But hark ! it is twelve. How the hours do
fly !

"*Au revoir,*" sighed one, and sighed one,
"Good-by."



OUT OF IT.

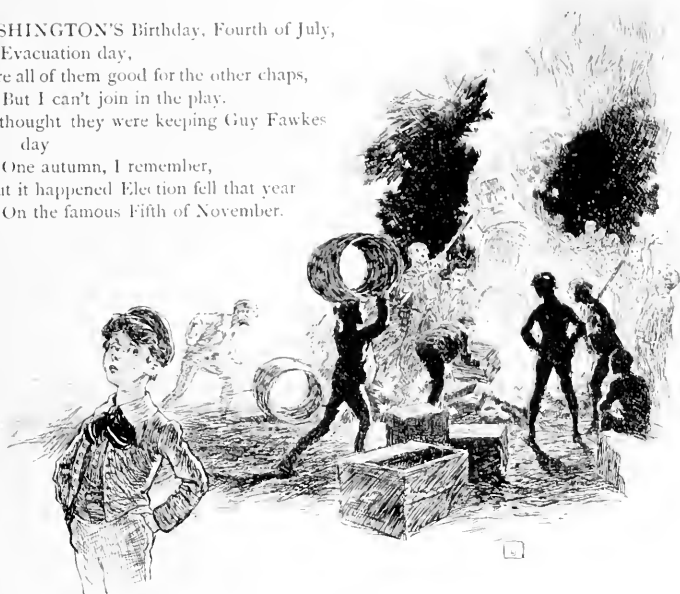
BY

Florence Evelyn Pratt.

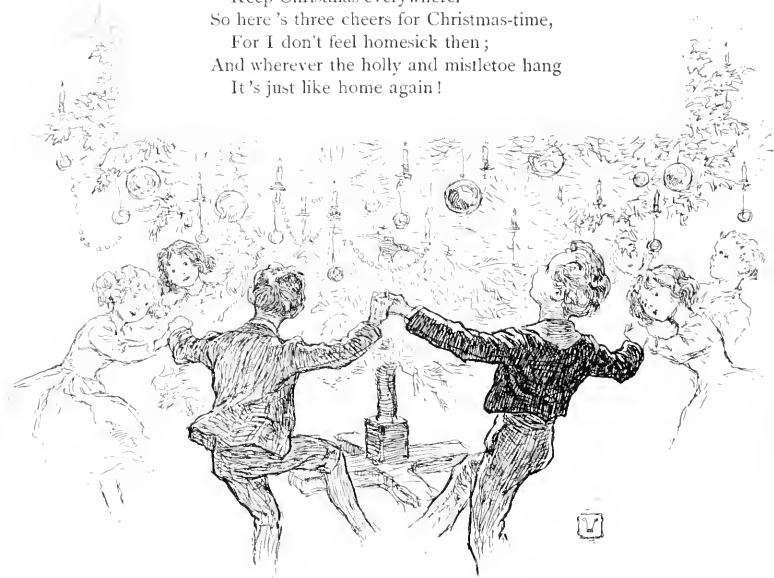


LIKE America pretty well —
It's an awfully jolly place;
Yet because I'm an English boy it seems
I'm rather out of the race.
For their holidays are mostly about
Their fights with England, you see;
So the days when the other boys have fun
Are rather stupid for me.

WASHINGTON'S Birthday, Fourth of July,
Evacuation day,
Are all of them good for the other chaps,
But I can't join in the play.
I thought they were keeping Guy Fawkes
day
One autumn, I remember,
But it happened Election fell that year
On the famous Fifth of November.



BUT when Christmas-time is coming round
It's jolly little I care
For the other days, since all the boys
Keep Christmas everywhere,
So here's three cheers for Christmas-time,
For I don't feel homesick then;
And wherever the holly and mistletoe hang
It's just like home again!



CHILDREN OF THE WEEK.

THE child that is born on the Sabbath day
Is blithe and bonny, and good and gay;
Monday's child is fair of face;
Tuesday's child is full of grace;
Wednesday's child is merry and glad;
Thursday's child is sour and sad;
Friday's child is loving and giving;
And Saturday's child must work for its living.

Old Rhyme.

LITTLE MOW CHEE AND THE CAMERA MAN.

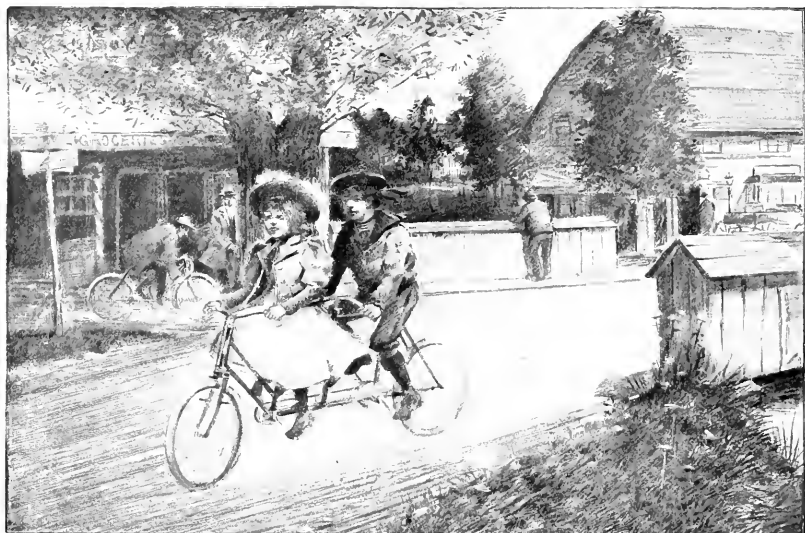
By DEWITT C. LOCKWOOD.

LITTLE Mow Chee met a Camera Man
On a Chinatown street one day.
"I 'll take *you* for sure," said the Camera Man,
"You queer little son of Cathay."

"Go 'wee! go 'wee!" cried Little Mow Chee,
"You velly bad man—you no takee me;
Me no likee you! Go 'wee! go 'wee!"

But the Camera Man in his box gave a look
(Of course we all know how they do it);
So that Little Mow Chee was really "took,"
Though Little Mow Chee never knew it.

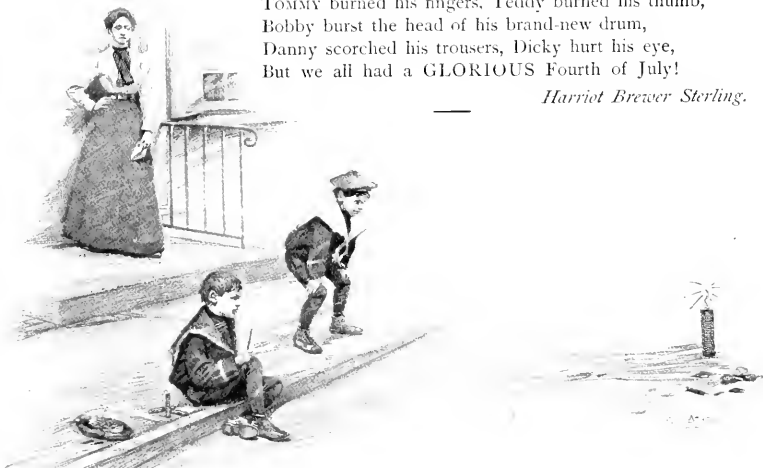




"OVER THE OLD RED BRIDGE, AND ALONG THE OLD PIKE ROAD."

TOMMY burned his fingers, Teddy burned his thumb,
Bobby burst the head of his brand-new drum,
Danny scorched his trousers, Dicky hurt his eye,
But we all had a GLORIOUS Fourth of July!

Harriet Brewer Sterling.





FOURTH OF JULY.

BENNY, beat the dish-pan!

Tommy, bring your drum!

Sammy, save your breath to blow

Dick's harmonium!

Bobby, take your tin fife!

Sue, you're marching well!

Jimmy, keep in step there!

Alec, ring that bell!

Fire the cannon crackers.

Give a cheer now, boys!

What is this day meant for,

But to make a noise!

Frances Amory.



MILMY-MELMY.

MILMY-MELMY.

BY RACHEL POMEROY.

MANY hundred years ago,
People say,
Lived in busy Rhineland
Giants gay ;
Folks of mighty stature,
Made so tall,
They would hit the sky in walking —
Stars and all.

When one stretched him on a mountain
For a nap,
Why, the clouds would fit him
Like a cap ;
In the valley under
Sprawled his toes :
How could he get out of bed
No one knows !

Did he snore a little loudish
(Do you wonder ?),
People only thought it
Heavy thunder.
Did he have the nightmare,—
Knock-a-knock !—
Everybody grimly muttered :
“ Earthquake shock ! ”

One of these tremendous fellows,
I suppose,
Could have hung your father
On his nose.
Half a score like *you*, sire,
(Don't look pale !)
Might have straddled see-saw
His thumb-nail.

He 'd have been a crony
Worth the knowing !
For they were the kindest
Creatures going.
So good-natured, somehow,
In their ways ;
Not a bit like naughty giants
Now-a-days.

Well, the biggest one among 'em,
So they tell me,
Had a pretty daughter —
Milmy-Melmy :
Ten years old precisely,
To a T ;
Stout enough to make a meal of
You and me.

On her birthday Milmy-Melmy,
All alone,
Started on a ramble,
Unbeknown ;
Left her toys behind her
For a run —
Big as elephants and camels,
Every one.

Through the country, hill and valley,
Went she fast ;
Willows bent to watch her
As she passed ;
Hemlock slender, poplar
Straight and high,
Brushed their tops against her fingers,
Tripping by.

Half a mile to every minute,
Like enough,
Though she found the going
Rather rough ;
Men-folk, glancing at her,
Cried aloud :
“ We shall have a shower shortly —
See the cloud ! ”

Milmy-Melmy thought it rather
Jolly play
Nurse to leave behind and
Run away ;
In her life (imagine
If you can)
She had never seen a woman
Or a man.

Three times thirty leagues of trudging
 (Listen now)
Brought her to a plowman
 At his plow.
Getting rather tired,
 Stubbed her toe;
Stopped to see what sort of pebble
 Hurt her so.

Picking up the plow and plowman,
 Oxen, too,
Milmy-Melmy stared at
 Something new!
Stuck them in her girdle,
 Clapped her hands
Till the mountain echoes answered
 Through the lands.

"Here 's a better birthday present,"
 Shouted she,
"Than the leather dollies
 Made for me.
These are living playthings—
 Very queer;
La! the cunning little carriage—
 What a dear!"

So into her apron tying
 The new toy,
Off she hurried homeward,
 Full of joy;
Stood it on a table
 In the hall;
Ran to bring her father to it—
 Told him all.

"Milmy-Melmy," cried the giant,
 "What a shame!
You must take the plaything
 Whence it came.
These are useful workers,
 Daughter mine,
Getting food for human beings—
 Corn and wine.

"Never meddle with such tiny
 Folks again;
Only ugly giants love to
 Trouble men."
Milmy-Melmy pouted
 ('T was n't nice),
But she carried back the playthings
 In a trice.

When she 'd made her second journey,
 Little sinner,
Really felt too tired
 For her dinner.
So to bed they put her
 Right away,
And she had her birthday pudding
 The next day.

What the plowman did about it
 Mercy knows!
Must have thought it funny,
 I suppose.
If you want a moral,
 Ask a fly
What he thinks of giants such as
 You and I!



PLEASURE-DRIVING IN FAIRY-LAND

THE PROUD MISS O'HAGGIN.

BY JOHN BENNETT.



THE proud Miss O'Haggin
May ride in her wagon,
Her landau, or drag, in
The park all the day;

But she 'd give all her leisure
And wealth beyond measure
For one half the pleasure
Down Haggerty's way,

When young Danny Gilligan
Drives Maggie Milligan
Down Murphy's hill ag'in
In his "coopay."





A VALENTINE.

"WHAT shall I do, alack, alack!
With this great burden on my back?
Ah! I know what I can do.
Won't you let me give it you?"

THE INTERCEPTED VALENTINE.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.



LITTLE Bo-peep, will you be mine?
I want you for my Valentine.
You are my choice of all the girls,
With your blushing cheeks and your fluttering curls,
With your ribbons gay and your kirtle neat,
None other is so fair and sweet.
Little Bo-peep, let 's run away,
And marry each other on Midsummer Day;
And ever to you I 'll be fond and true.

*Your faithful Valentine
Little Boy Blue*

The Fashion-Plate Girl.

by Ina M. Boles



THERE 's a dear little maid in the fashion-plate book,

(I 'm glad it 's not Bessie nor me!)
She always has such a dressed-up-ified look,
With her dainty hands bent in a tiresome
crook.

How she stands it we never can see;
The quaint little fashion-plate girl!

I know she 'd be frightened to slide down the
hay,

Or to frolic and romp as we do.
Supposing we wait till some sunshiny day,
And then ask her out on the hillside to play.

I think she 'd be willing, don't you?
The poor little fashion-plate girl!



" Good mornin', Miss Caller;
I 'd ask you to come in — but
Mama thinks she 's gone out ! "



THE SNAIL'S DREAM

BY OLIVER HERFORD.

A SNAIL who had a way,
it seems,
Of dreaming very curious
dreams
Once dreamed he was —
you 'll never guess! —
The Lightning
Limited Express!

LOOK OUT FOR THE
SNAILWAY TRAIN

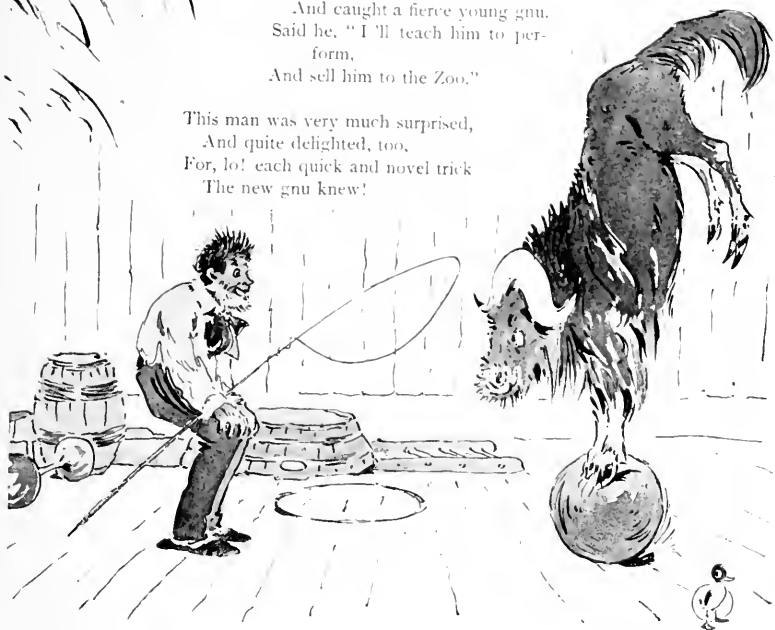


SOMETHING NEW.

By E. WARDE BLAISDELL.

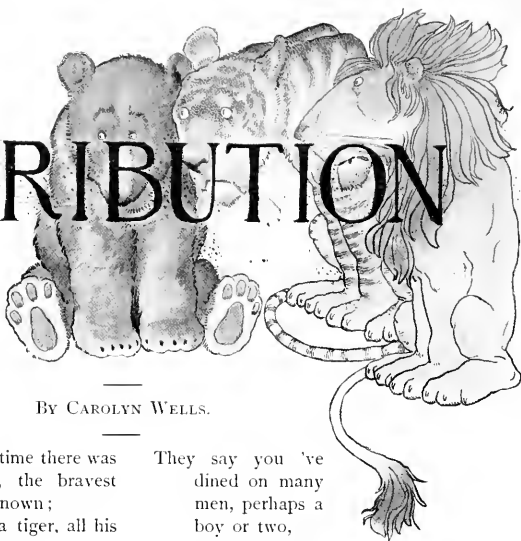
A SHOWMAN to the jungle went
And caught a fierce young gnu.
Said he, "I'll teach him to per-
form,
And sell him to the Zoo."

This man was very much surprised,
And quite delighted, too,
For, lo! each quick and novel trick
The new gnu knew!





RETRIBUTION



BY CAROLYN WELLS.

ONCE on a time there was
a boy, the bravest
ever known;
He had a bear, a lion, and a tiger, all his
own.
He kept them in his nursery, and that
boy, I do declare,
Would boldly face the lion and the tiger
and the bear.
One day he proudly spake to them: "Well
may you crouch and cower!
O mighty beasts, your fate is sealed; I
have you in my power.
But ere I send you to your doom, to you
I'll kindly state
Why on your unprotected heads must fall
this direful fate.



They tell me, when
you roam at large
within the jungle
glade,
You eat up passing
travelers who in
your haunts
have strayed.

They say you've
dined on many
men, perhaps a
boy or two,
But there's a pos-
sibility these tales may not be true.
So one last chance I'll give you your
defamers to defy:
I'll set you free if you their accusations
can deny."

When the lion and the tiger and the bear
this offer heard,
They sat in sober silence and they never
said a word.

"Ha!" cried the boy, "you cannot say
these stories are not true;
Then tit for tat! Justice demands, my
friends, that I eat you!"

The shamefaced beasts could not deny
that this was only fair,
So that boy ate up the tiger and the lion
and the bear!

THE END

When Polly Buys a Hat. By Elsie Hill.



Pictures by C. M. Helyea

I.

WHEN Father goes to town with me to buy my Sunday hat,
We can't afford to waste much time in doing things like that;
We walk into the nearest shop, and Father tells them then,
"Just bring a hat you think will fit a little girl of ten!"

II.

It may be plain, it may be fine with lace
and flowers too;
If it just "feels right" on my head we
think that it will do!
It may be red or brown or blue, with rib-
bons light or dark;
We put it on—and take the car that goes
to Central Park.

III.

When Mother buys my hat for me, we
choose the shape with care;
We ask if it 's the *best* they have, and if
they 're sure 't will *wear*:
And when the trimming 's rather fine, why,
Mother shakes her head
And says, "Please take the feathers off—
we 'd like a bow, instead!"

IV.

But oh, when Sister buys my hats you really
do not know
The hurry and the worry that we have to
undergo!
How many times I 've heard her say,—and
shivered where I sat,—
"I think I 'll go to town to-day, and *buy*
that child a hat!"





v.

They bring great hats with curving brims,
but I'm too tall for those;
And hats that have no brims at all, which
do not suit my nose;

I walk about, and turn around, and struggle
not to frown,
And *wish* I had long curly hair like Ange-
lina Brown.



VI.

Till when at last the daylight goes, and
 I 'm *so* tired then
 I hope I 'll never, *never* need another hat
 again,
 And when I 've quite made up my mind
 that shopping is the worst
 Of all my tasks—then Sister buys the hat
 that we saw first!

VII.

And so we take it home with us as quickly
 as we may,
 And Sister lifts it from the box and wonders
 what they 'll say;
 And I, I peep into the glass, and (promise
 not to tell!)
 I smile, because I really think it suits me
 very well;

VIII.

Then slip into the library as quiet as
 can be,
 And this is what my Brother says when
 first he looks at me:
 "Upon—my—word! I *never* saw a queerer
 sight than that!
 Don't tell me this *outrageous* thing is Polly's
 Sunday hat!"



THE PARTY.

It was raining. Mama and the baby were asleep, and nurse was ironing in the kitchen.

"I think that I will go again to the party," said Flossy.

She dragged a foot-stool up to the bureau and stood on tiptoe to reach the drawer, and, after a good deal of balancing, pulled out her pink sash.

"My hands are clean," she said, looking at the fat fingers. "Nurse washes them a great deal of the time."

She could not tie the pink sash herself, and nurse would be sure to curl her hair and scrub her hands some more if she came; so Flossy wound it round and round over her blue pinafore, and pinned it with a safety-pin. Her bonnet and cloak were hanging on a low peg, and she pulled them on, and trotted downstairs one leg at a time, and slipped out at the side-door.

It certainly was raining *very* hard. Miss Crewe thought so as she looked out of the high windows of the great house across the street. It was a good thing that she had had the children's party yesterday, when it was pleasant. It had been a change to see the little faces, and of course she had been glad to have some gaiety for Amy while she was with her; but now that the little niece was gone — "I am thankful that there are no children about the house to wear on one's nerves and temper," said Miss Crewe; and she was so thankful that she frowned and sighed as she looked wearily out of the window.

There was a knock. "Tell James I shall not want the carriage this afternoon, Parker," said Miss Crewe, and then she turned hastily.

There was a sound as if Parker were trying not to giggle. "Miss — Miss Florence Carey, miss," she said, and went out with her trim shoulders shaking.

Flossy advanced with a beaming face.

"How do you do?" she said. "I have come to the party again. I like this party!"

"Party?" said Miss Crewe. "Why — child — the party was yesterday!"

"Oh, yes; I was to it," Flossy explained. "I liked it a great deal, and I have come to it some more. Will you unfasten this? I am afraid that perhaps it is wet, and it sticks."

Miss Crewe took off the dripping bonnet and cloak. "Why, child," she said, "you must be drenched!" and she took Flossy on her knee, and held the small wet toes to the fire.

"So you think there is a party still, and you have come!" she said. "Well, we'll try."

So they had a *very* nice party. First, there was a box full of queer-shaped pieces of wood that fitted together into a tiny table and chair and bedstead. Flossy and Miss Crewe played with this a long time. Then there were some beautiful ivory chessmen, and the big music box; and Miss Crewe let Flossy open the cover and feel the prickles on the brass barrel softly with her forefinger; and then she took her on her knee and told her a beautiful story.

By and by it began to grow dark. Miss Crewe rang the bell. "Bring tea, Parker," she said, "and tell Ellen to let us have some chocolate; and, Parker, you may bring it in the toy tea-set, and give Miss Florence Master Ralph's little chair."

Flossy sat in the small chair, and Miss Crewe sat opposite her in one that was nearly as low. The hot chocolate was delicious, and Flossy drank out of the tiny cup. It was so much nicer than the bread and milk in her silver porringer at home! There was a little toy chocolate-pot, too, besides the cream-

"I am glad to hear it," said Miss Crewe, and passed Flossy the seed-cakes.

They had just finished tea when there was a ring at the door-bell, and Flossy's mama and nurse hurried in. Flossy was kissed and scolded and then hugged. Then Flossy's cloak and rubbers were put on, and her bon-



"I LIKE THE KINDEST PARTY THAT IS ONLY TWO PEOPLE, LIKE YOU AND ME," SAID FLOSSY.

pitcher and sugar-bowl and the cups and saucers.

Flossy leaned back in her chair and ate her sandwiches slowly.

"I love you," she said. "I like bread and butter with things between it; I like the kind of party that is only two people, like you and me."

net was tied neatly and snugly under her chin.

She put her chubby face up to Miss Crewe to be kissed.

"I love you," she said. "I will come again a great deal; I think this was a very, very nice party."

"Do you?" said Miss Crewe, with a kiss. "So do I!"



A LULLABY.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

ROCKABY, lullaby, bees in the clover!
Crooning so drowsily, crying so low —
Rockaby, lullaby, dear little rover!
Down into wonderland —
Down to the underland —
Go, oh, go!
Down into wonderland go!

Rockaby, lullaby, rain on the clover! —
Tears on the eyelids that waver and weep;
Rockaby, lullaby, bending it over

Down on the mother-world,
Down on the other world!
Sleep, oh, sleep!
Down on the mother-world sleep!

Rockaby, lullaby, dew on the clover!
Dew on the eyes that will sparkle at dawn!
Rockaby, lullaby, dear little rover!
Into the stilly world,
Into the lily-world,
Gone, oh, gone!
Into the lily-world, gone!

Rock-a-bye the Round World



BY MARTHA BURR BANKS.

ROCK-A-BYE, baby, now night-time is near!
But your mother 's beside you, there 's nothing
to fear.

Like a bird snowy white,
In your nest you alight;
So we chime the rhyme that we sing to her
here!

Rock-a-bye, baby, on hemlock or spruce!
Your bed is a board gaily trimmed for your
use;
Oh, so swings another,
While low sings the mother
Of the Indian baby, the little papoose.

Rock-a-bye, baby, out under the sky,
In your Mexican home where your hammock
hangs high!



THE LITTLE PAPOOSE.



THE MEXICAN.



THE ESKIMO.

But the sun shall not shock you,
The moon shall not mock you,
But the winds will come whispering a sweet
lullaby.

Rock-a-bye, baby, in lands of the snow!
Here 's a funny brown baby, the small Es-
kimo.

In his mother's fur hood
He thinks it is good
To cozily cuddle to dreamland to go.



THE JAPANESE.

Rock-a-bye, baby, in gentle Japan!
On the back of your sister, poor tired little
man;

But a fine tum-tum drum
When you waken shall come,
So sleep, little brother, as well as you can.



THE CHINESE.

Rock-a-bye, baby, in China the great!
In your big bushel basket you 're blinking too
late;

For cakes fresh and nice,
And rare dumplings of rice,
And a grand dragon boat in your dream-gar-
den wait.



IN INDIA.

Rock-a-bye, baby, in India abed!
Here they sing to the baby of sugar and
bread.

From the ceiling he 's swung
Where his square cradle 's hung,
And with jewels he shines from his feet to his
head.



IN TURKEY.

Rock-a-bye, baby, in Turkey, now say;
All wrapped up and strapped up, and so tucked
away!

O'er a bar overhead
Then a thick cloth is spread,
And the cradle goes rocking all night and all
day.



IN SYRIA.

Rock-a-bye, baby, in Syria near!
We 'll croon to her soon of a kind cameleer.



IN LAPLAND.

We 'll kiss and caress her,
And then we 'll undress her,
And lay her to rest in her little *sceer*.

Rock-a-bye, baby, swung up in a shoe!
For that is in Lapland the cradle for you;
Made of wood and of skin,
With moss stuffed within,
And you 'll lie there, on high there, the drowsy
hours through.

Rock-a-bye, baby, on Finland's far shore!
Now see, little redbreast, Sleep stands at the
door.

She says: "Are you here,
Little field-bird? I 'm near.
And gladly you 'll slumber, for play-time is
o'er."



IN FINLAND.

Rock-a-bye, baby, in Hungary, now!
From the rainbow the angel will robe him, I
trow;
A star drops a kiss,
A breeze brings him bliss,
And a butterfly bevy will fan his bright brow.

Rock-a-bye, baby, in Germany, then!
Now sleep, little women, and sleep, little men;
The stars are the sheep,
Which the fair moon doth keep,
Till the long night has gone and the light
comes again.



IN HUNGARY.



IN GERMANY.

Rock-a-bye, baby, in Italy bright,
The joy of your mother, her dearest delight!
Eyes slowly closing now,
Baby is dozing now,
Hush-a-bye, baby; now, baby, good night.

Rock-a-bye, baby, where sunny France lies!
"Come, *Souin-Souin*!" the little one cries;
The baby would sleep,
No longer she 'll weep,
So come, *Souin-Souin*, and shut up her eyes.

"Rock-a-bye, baby, my plaything, my pride!"
Sing the pretty dark mothers in Spain who
abide;



IN ITALY.



IN FRANCE.



IN SPAIN.

They speak of the Stranger
Once laid in a manger,
And tell of the saints who kept watch at his
side.

Rock-a-bye, baby, on mother's broad back!
The African baby shall ride pick-a-pack;
His arms and his neck with beads she will deck,
And soundly he'll sleep as they trudge on their
track.



IN AFRICA.

Rock-a-bye, babies, anear and afar!
Where the soft breezes blow, or beneath the
north star;
Eyes black, blue, or gray
Must close every day,
And the Sandman will find you wherever you
are.



GOOD NIGHT.

“GOOD NIGHT, little trees!”

My little man says when the Sandman comes—
And the soft-swaying breeze
In the listening trees
Wafts the answer, “Good night, little man,
Good night!”

“Good night, little star!”

My little man says when the Sandman comes.
And a bright little star
In the heavens so far
Blinks the answer, “Good night, little man,
Good night!”

